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There Is a Great Deal of Encouragement in History for Most of Us

A MOTHER writes me a very discouraged letter. Her boy is good and hard-working, but he is very backward in school.

In fact, his teachers have about given him up in despair.

Both the boy's father and his mother stood well in their classes: they are fond of books and study. They can not understand what is the matter with their boy.

Fortunately, there are two very encouraging things that can be said in reply to a letter like this.

One of them I have just been reading in a Life of Kitchener by Harold Begbie:

> Nothing in Herbert Kitchener created passionate friendships or stirred the admiration of smaller men among the cadets. He was remarkable for quickness in mathematics, but in everything else was accounted thick-headed—a slow coach, climbing the dull hill of duty, which has no dazzle of adventure on the crest.
>
> He managed to scramble into Woolwich; he was not high on the lists; and no one thought anything about him. After leaving Woolwich he got his commission in the Royal Engineers; and still no one thought much about him.

The boy who was dull and thick-headed—whom nobody thought much about—grew up to become the idol of an empire.

Cardinal Wiseman, as a boy, was termed "dull and stupid."

Charles Darwin, who changed the whole channel of thought in the scientific world, was so lazy and do-less in boyhood that his father predicted he would be a disgrace to the family.

Heine, by his own confession, "idled away his school days and was horribly bored" by the instruction given him.

Wordsworth was so lazy up to the age of seventeen as to be "incapable of continued application to prescribed work."

Henry Ward Beecher barely succeeded in graduating from Amherst, having stood almost at the foot of his class; and James Russell Lowell was suspended by Harvard "on account of continued neglect of his college duties."

First of all, to this mother of a "backward" boy I would say: Have courage. Be travels in good company. Hundreds of those of whom the world is most proud have been given up in despair by their parents in youth.

Only when the spark of their special interest was struck have they shown the stuff that was in them.

And the second thing that may be said to such a mother is even more encouraging.

Dullness is the rule in the world: brilliance is the exception.

Business and government and law and medicine and the church are ruled by mediocrities.

"I have talked with great men," said Lincoln, "and I do not see how they differ from others."

The truest bit of business philosophy ever penned is contained in the story of the tortoise and the hare.

Any one who watches business life carefully for any length of time is continually seeing brilliant, unstable men overtaken and surpassed by men with half their inherent ability, whose very mental slowness has inculcated in them a mastering persistency.

The mother of the boy who invariably leads his class has reason to be concerned: the mother of the dull boy might wish him more cleverly endowed, but she need not despair if only his slowness to learn fosters thoroughness.

"My master whipped me very hard," says Dr. Johnson. "Without that, sir, I would have done nothing."

Yet he who as a boy had to be whipped to learn, set himself in later life doggedly and unrelentingly to a task that raised him high above the brilliant men of his time in literary prominence, and made him a citizen of the ages.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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"'What's the experiment?' I asked them. 'Tom will lie to you,' said the girl. 'He's still a mere mite. He will go away, and I'll tell you.'"

THE PAIN OF YOUTH

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

Illustrations by Robert McCaig

TOM ENDICOTT drew me aside out of the throng of sight-seers off the colonial liner *Ventura*. He swung his cap from his silver-gray head and smiled.

"You are a messenger from Ann Augusta," he murmured. "From New York!"

Waikiki beach spread around us its endless serenity of splendor; and before my fancy was the face of a girl who had never seen the isles of Hawaii and (I thought) would scarcely recognize her former lover in the scarred man who looked at me with kindling eyes.

"Not directly," I replied. "She mentioned your name in a crush when I told her I was going to the South Seas."

"I ran away from her," he confessed. "I tried to explain, but Ann Augusta couldn't understand."

"You mean you will never go back?" I demanded.

"Not to sit at the feet of Ann Augusta," Endicott responded. "I loved her, man! Why not? She was—is—lovely and charming and splendid and adorable. Of course I loved her, just as a dozen other men did. You say she understands? I deny it. You won't understand, either, when I tell you I have discovered that there is a bond inexpressibly stronger and more enduring than my affection for her."

I stared at him. He was unbelievably self-confident, a different person from the awkward fellow Ann Augusta had stooped to let adore her. Only one thing could make such a change.

"Another woman!" I said. "Why not be fair and tell her? She hasn't married. She is still as lovely as ever. Is it square to let her wait for you?"

"Another woman?" he repeated thoughtfully. "Well, hardly, in the sense you mean. But there is another woman. She isn't handsome or alluring or fascinating; neither you nor Ann Augusta would understand me if I tried to make it plain; and yet I've spilled my world for her, gone the limit—and without regret."

"Married?"

"No," he replied promptly. "She doesn't care for me that way. She's only my best friend—my pal."

"I *did* hear something," I murmured.

"And got it wrong," he quickly told me. "I know it seems incredible to you folks in the States, who live back of a number over a door, eat at fixed times, dance at other fixed hours, and turn the lights out when the clock strikes. But all your lack of comprehension doesn't matter. I'm living a life without clocks, without street numbers, and where one dances when one feels like it. I don't glance at my watch and say, 'Too late.' Now do I get up in the dawn with my mind full of things to say and do, and turn and twist and fume and fret and tell myself, '*It's too early.*' I'm bound to a tremendous adventure by the unbreakable bond of friendship."

"You admit that it is a woman," I reminded him dryly.

"An adventure," he corrected me.

"Well, an adventuress," I said lightly.

Endicott laughed.

"I wonder what Nan Harlee would say if she knew you had called her that."

IT was exactly as if the circle of land and sea in the midst of which we stood widened till we were alone in a space bounded by vague, far horizons. I was silent. Memory recalled Nan Harlee. Though I hadn't ever dreamed of her in connection with Tom Endicott, it seemed as if the mere utterance of her name put Ann Augusta out of the problem.

Nan, daughter of Ted Harlee! The man who had arrived after a few flamboyant years of speculation, and died in his prime—plunger, sportsman, and gallant gentleman. He had left his daughter a fortune. She had accepted it quietly and done nothing with it. She had neither beauty nor charm nor grace; nothing of the fine allure that ought to have been her heritage from Ted. I saw her as she was: a slim, awkward woman—insignificant even with all her wealth.

"The dance you say!" I stammered. "Where is she?"

"Not in New York—not here, old friend," he said. "When I want to locate her I have to look up the charts. You don't go so many stations of the subway, nor so many half miles in a taxi. Instead you run down so many degrees of latitude and longitude, and a fine morning or a still evening you heave to off an island, and pick up your glasses and adjust them to your eyes, and there she is, right in the center of your field of vision. That's the way I always see Nan—in the very middle of a bright circle."

"I remember now—I saw her name in the papers," I began.

"Name in the papers!" he snorted. "Pooh! her name is in the sky. She's the biggest personage in our hemisphere, the only news in Oceanica—and my pal."

"You had some money yourself," I mused. "So I'll do you the grace to suppose it wasn't her fortune. And Ann Augusta has money."

"You're not in the city," he answered roughly. "Forget the rubbish they talk back there. Go back and tell Ann Augusta I'm bound west around the world—and I'm not due back till too late."

"Don't be a cad," I told him. "You ought to have some kindly message to send back. After all, Ann Augusta is a splendid girl—better than you deserve."

"Possibly," he answered. "I subscribe to her fineness and value. Man, I loved her—love her this minute. If I were free I'd go back as fast as steam could carry me, and marry her. That's not the question. I'm tied, hand and foot. I've started on the most gorgeous adventure any man ever tackled. I must see it through."

"I promised Ann that I'd bring her the truth," I went on. "Think it easy for a proud woman to come to a mere friend and ask him, when going across the world, to see whether a man isn't coming back to tell her he loves her? It isn't. But Ann Augusta took that terribly hard step for your sake. *I* can't see what there is about you so worthwhile. *If* I were Ann Augusta I'd forget you. But it seems she can't. You've got to tell me the truth—all the truth. You may say it's none of my business, and that Ann Augusta ought to be ashamed of herself to pursue a man who doesn't want her. But I undertook the job of finding you and reporting the facts, and I'm not going to be put off by mere commonplaces."

"Commonplaces! Do you think what you call a mere commonplace would switch me from marrying so fine a girl as Ann Augusta—I love her, you know—and exile me here?" He scowled at me.

"I don't understand," I told him. "Excuse my bluntness, but Nan Harlee isn't the girl to make a sensible man like you lose his head."

He put both hands on my shoulders.

"My schooner is in Pearl Harbor. You and I are talking different languages. I'll just give you some real news to carry back to New York, old friend. Are you game?"

Three weeks later Tom Endicott

lounged up from the stuffy cabin of his schooner *Lady Luck*, and puckered his eyelids to see through the golden haze of the setting sun. A small black cone rose due west, in the midst of the silent ocean.

"That's where she is," he announced, "unless she took canoe and beat up to Loyal Island."

He muttered a command, and the Kanakas of the crew prepared to snug the schooner down for the night.

"You are going to keep away till morning?" I asked, with frank impatience.

"Probably," he returned. "Nan is funny. I never make a landing till I get her signal."

Very slowly we entered the velvety gloom under a lofty peak that swept upward to the stars. Still neither light nor sound told us that our arrival had been noticed.

Suddenly a yellow flush shot up from what I supposed was the beach; it was followed by a faint glow.

"She's there," Tom said, swinging round on me and calling to his men.

The schooner headed up to the slow swells, a whale-boat was got over, and we left the ship.

We landed briskly through the single breaker on the beach, and jumped out. I saw, through the lacy foliage that veiled the upward slope, a small fire burning.

"Nan!" Endicott cried.

A woman came down swiftly. The Kanakas mumbled hoarse greetings and withdrew. Tom caught at a white hand and shook it heartily.

"I've brought down a visitor," he said. "From New York."

It was Nan Harlee who came close to me, and looked at me through the dusk, and laughed.

"I told Tom his friends would be wondering about him," she said, without any embarrassment. "How did you find him?"

"I was down at Waikiki for a swim, and he dragged me out of a crowd and intimated I was a quitter," he told her. "He couldn't understand, so I brought him down to see."

The woman led the way back toward the little fire, around which several natives were squatted.

"I'm not what you came to see," she remarked. "And I'll warrant that's the impression Tom gave you."

I suppose I murmured politely, for Nan seated herself with a sweep of short skirts, and nodded dismissal to her servants.

"I've had my supper," she said. "I know you've had yours."

Endicott fished in various pockets and brought out various bitters, which he handed her. She glanced at the envelope and tucked them away.

"I'll have plenty of time later," she told us. "First, what is the news from New York?"

I SHALL always remember my astonishment at the fact that within the next fifteen minutes I was able to summarize all the news of two years. And newspapers are issued fresh every hour! The two of them listened quietly, catching now and then at a name, but apparently not greatly interested. At last Nan Harlee turned abruptly to Tom.

"Are you going back to Ann Augusta?"

"I've tried to explain that I can't," he answered.

"I'm not so sure," she replied. "Our experiment seems to be rather tiresome. I don't think it proves anything worth while. I've been thinking, since you left a couple of months ago, that you had better give it up."

"Oh, I say, Nan!" he protested. "Here I'm back after deciding that it was absolutely a success. Anyway, you remember we haven't found anything positively against it."

"Explain," I broke in. "I came down here to plead the cause of a girl as straight and fine as my breathing. She thinks she still cares for Tom. Tom says he still cares for her, but drags me a couple of thousand miles farther to see you. You tell me all this is an experiment. Well and good! An experiment in what?"

"Tom will lie to you," she said promptly. "He's still a naive man. He will go away, and I'll tell you."

Endicott rose reluctantly.

"Look here, Nan," he urged her. "It's all right for us to pooh-pooh the people down here. But here's a man from New York. I won't have him get a wrong impression."

He waved one arm meaningly. "I could kill him if he misunderstands—"

"It was part of our bargain that we were not to care about that," she reminded him coldly. "I've noticed several times that you cared more for what people said than for our own objects. That's why I begin to confess to myself that the whole affair is bound to fail."

He sulked above us till she rose, patted him on the cheek, and kissed him full on the lips. "Go away!" she murmured.

WHEN we were alone by the embers of the fire, she began to laugh.

"It strikes me as delightful that you are come down here just in the nick of time," she said. "Tom and I were getting at cross-purposes. It looked as if one of us would have to go back to New York to decide whether we were going to succeed or not. And you turn up and can decide for us right on the spot!"

"Decide what?" I asked.

"First," she said calmly, "do you think I am beautiful enough to take Tom away from Ann Augusta?"

With the simplicity of a child she moved close up to me. I stared.

"Yes," I said presently. "I used to think you were homely. I take it back. You have—developed."

"I was afraid so," she answered. "But back in New York you'd find me ugly again. Tom doesn't realize that."

"Bless my soul!" I ejaculated.

"No. He's falling in love with me," she went on—"the very thing he wasn't to do. And I supposed he'd never forget Ann Augusta. Not really falling in love," she went on; "only thinking he's in love with me. But that's worse than the reality." She looked at me dazzlingly. "I'm going to marry another man, you see."

"Whom?"

She laughed gently.

"He's yet to be found! But that was decided long ago. I was to have this chance—then Tom was going back to Ann."

"This chance to make Tom fall in love with you?" I suggested.

"No; my chance to meet a man I could love," she told me. "Now for the first misunderstanding. You think—everybody thinks—that I'm in love with Tom. I'm not."

Silence seemed best. Nan raised her eyes to mine.

"You know how I lived in New York? Of course you do. I was lost in the big city. I wasn't counted in. I had only money. And money didn't make me worth while to men like—like Tom Endicott. I had no chance at all! So I turned gambler. I staked my all on"—she indicated the sweet darkness about us by a gesture at once imperious and delicate—"my all on this."

"Your all is right," I responded.

"Everything I have," she said. "My father made his fortune that way. Not a penny did he hold back when the time came. He bet his livelihood, my education, my happiness, his own position—he bet his last possession past and to come—on a single turn of the market. He won. That's the way one wins in this world. So I wagered all I had—except my money. For they don't take gold in this game. It buys no chips."

"The stake?" I asked gently.

"A moment's life," she whispered.

"With Tom?"

She laid one slim hand on my knee.

"How blind you are! No. With the man I'll know I love. How can I explain? Tom understood. He has loved Ann Augusta. I have never loved anybody. Liked men, yes. But no man ever made me feel—made me forget everything else in the world and not care for anything except to be loved. In New York I would never find that man. But somewhere in the world there is a man who would wager his life for a—a kiss from me."

"You will find him here?" I demanded. She rose swiftly.

"I shall not," she whispered. "I've lost. To-morrow you shall take Tom Endicott back to New York."

I rose and caught her by the hand.

"Riddles," I said roughly. "Listen to me! I find Endicott, and he tells me in one breath that he still loves Ann Augusta and that he is engaged on an adventure with you so splendid that he can't go back to her. He speaks of a bond so unbreakable that he laughs at all else. You tell me you quit New York and sacrificed your all—"

"Merely my reputation," she flared.

"Your reputation, then. You come down here to an unknown island alone with Tom Endicott. You aren't in love with him, nor he with you. Yet he refuses to quit, and you say you have lost. Why won't he go back? What have you lost—apart from your—your self-esteem?"

"He shall tell you himself," she answered, and whistled shrilly.

ELIZABETH YORK MILLER *is an American girl who made good in newspaper work, first in Chicago, later in New York, and finally in London, where she now lives and writes both novels and plays. You probably have met her work elsewhere, but with us she appears next week for the first time in a new serial, "The Blue Aura." It's the story of the maziest life of a girl of the theater; and it is told with a special and peculiar charm. That's the word for it—"charm."*

ENDICOTT strode down the slope into the light of the rising moon. He looked very tall and strong and capable; but an ugly frown was on his forehead.

"I can't make him understand the difficulty," she told him directly.

"Naturally," he responded. He swung on me. "Nan wanted experience and a chance to see the world. She trusted me, and I brought her down here. Pals, not lovers. You saw her kiss me. Well, neither she nor I count such kisses. We think heaps of each other, but we aren't in love. We admitted when we left New York that people would misunderstand. That was accepted. We know there has been nothing out of the way. Just pals. Two people wanting the same thing and going after it with our life in our hands. And we've missed what we were after. There's no thrill to it."

"None," she confessed. "I used to think that just to be a man's companion, to be always with him in his doings and his goings, would be magnificent. I dreamed of being Tom's pal. I am. And I'm sick of it. He thinks of Ann Augusta, and I think of nobody at all." She laughed. "We've proved one thing: a man and a woman can be the finest friends in the world."

I turned on her severely. "Not long ago you told me Tom was in love with you."

"Oh!" she cried.

Endicott laughed indulgently.

"She means by that that I've tried to patch this rotten business up by telling her that, as she doesn't meet with any good chaps and I'm rather inclined to like this free life better than New York, we ought to get married. She says that would be an awful come-down—and she's right. I'm not the man. She doesn't like me well enough; do you, old girl?"

"I do not," she responded firmly. "I could see you a thousand times and never care whether I kissed you or not. You are a good pal, though. None better!"

"Thanks," he responded. "Same to you, Nan. Hang it all, I wish I knew who you were in love with," he continued. "For a long time, now, I've seen that you were remembering somebody. Can't kick on that myself, seeing I am still bound by Ann Augusta. But I'm frank about my infatuation! You might tell a fellow!"

"I'm in love with nobody!" she replied. "You are impossible, with your heart-searchings and your surmises and your wise thoughts. You two be off to bed!"

WE slept in a grass-roofed hut a mile distant from the cottage Miss Harlee had built for herself, and before midnight Tom had told me enough of the history of the past two years for me to understand that Nan had actually made money in various ventures, proving herself equal to the many emergencies that arise in lonely seas, and developed into a very competent individual.

"A round dozen of the biggest men between Manila and Singapore and Yokohama and Papeete are in love with her," he told me. "She laughs at them all, though I'm sure she likes one or two of them. Some day there'll be bloodshed. Nan's the finest pal in the world; but when it comes to the tender passion, she doesn't know anything about what fools it makes of men. *She* thinks she'll fall in love with somebody in a tremendous flash, and that nothing else will matter after that. Meanwhile a lot of perfectly good fellows are slowly working themselves into frenzies over her. When the crash comes I must be there. She can never handle the situation."

"Then you will return to Ann Augusta, I suppose?" I dryly suggested.

"That wouldn't be fair to Ann," Tom explained patiently. "And I've got to see Nan safely settled."

In the morning I found my hostess calmly superintending the punishment of an unruly servant. This attended to, she joined Tom and me at breakfast, and we discussed the day's work while the schooner sailed in from sea.

I found that Nan was anxious to be off to Melbourne on some trading scheme or other. She and Tom disputed briskly as to who should take the schooner. No other vessel would call for a couple of weeks. At last it was referred to me. Could I wait with Endicott, or must I hurry back to Honolulu?

The situation was unpleasant; I was rude, and insisted that I had come only as an ambassador.

Nan yielded. "Tom shall go back with you," she said. "To New York."

He demurred at first—at last acquiesced. He and Nan went away to settle their business affairs, and returned apparently vexed with each other. She told me he was unreasonable.

"Financially we have made a bawling success of the venture," she told me. "Now Tom thinks he must give me more than my half of the profits. I fancy that is a man's way of dissolving a partnership with a woman, of letting me know that I'm no longer to be counted in."

"I'd never have gone into the business if it hadn't been for Nan," he insisted. "She ought to take the money we've made, especially as I'm pulling out on such short notice. That's business."

"I hate you!" she affirmed. "You go and spoil everything! One would think you felt it necessary to remunerate me for my—my neglect of the conventions in joining you as a partner. You would never have thought of it unless you had also thought of Ann Augusta. I'm not in love with you. We've been no more than pals, and when we quit we quit even. Save your generosity for your wife."

"Hang it!" Tom said gloomily. "We

"'Nan!' Overhead the world shattered away in unspeakable tumult, and the sea battered to their very feet. Heedless the pair stood, clasped in each other's arms."

got along splendidly. I was perfectly happy. I wasn't ever going to leave. But everybody thinks Ann Augusta has a claim on me. And here's our adventure gone on the rocks! Look here, Nan—marry me. That will put me out of Ann's thoughts and give me the right to—"

"I yield no rights," she said firmly.

The man stared at her.

"Now, if I were a pirate," he muttered.

"You aren't! You're a bully nice boy and a good pal. But you don't know the first steps in piracy—nor ever will. Lawful gains for you, Tom—and Ann Augusta as a reward."

Their parting was of the briefest; they shook hands, and Nan, relenting at the last, offered him her burning cheek to kiss. He pecked at it, turned away surlily, and leaped into the whale-boat.

As we clambered aboard the schooner, he turned to me with a grimace.

"The only two kisses she ever gave me were in your presence," he mumbled. "Now what do you think of that?"

"I don't think of that," I told him in irritation, "except that you are a pair of fools. What did you think you'd discover on this wild-goose chase?"

"I'll tell you what *I* hoped for," he said bitterly. "I hoped I'd fall in love with the finest girl God ever made. I didn't. Now"—he roared at his crew—"we'll spread some canvas and beat up for the American coast and Ann Augusta!"

An hour later, as the *Lady Lee* rounded the little headland, I picked up the binoculars and gazed back. On the shining beach, right in the midst of the crystal circle made by the glass, I saw Nan Harlee. She was looking at us, quite still, and remote.

FOUR days thereafter Tom Endicott tumbled out of his berth at midnight, took the steps to the deck in two leaps, and I heard the tramp of bare feet, the rising song of the sleepy sailors, and the dull crash of swinging booms. The schooner laid over on the other tack. I drowsily went up to inquire the meaning of this manœuvre.

The moon was half way up the sky, slashed with dark ribbons of cloud, and backed by an opaque shadow that merged with the horizon. The *Lady Lee* was slipping into a long, tumbling swell.

"Hurricane," Tom snapped. "Hang it all! We've got to fetch back to Nan's island."

"Four hundred miles sou'west," I reminded him. "Why?"

"That other schooner will get caught in this, and Nan'll be marooned for months, maybe," he told me savagely. "Can't let her stop there alone that long."

"She's safe enough," I insisted. "And we'll run right back into the worst of it."

"If you can stop chattering and keep the wheel for a half hour, I'll be about my reckonings," he said, and was gone.

The schooner behaved beautifully. The wind was blowing unsteadily, but with good strength, and, close-hauled as we were, we made fair weather of it.

"We're in the exact position to make the four hundred miles by keeping dead before the storm as the wind veers. Now for some sailing, old friend!" said Tom.

I remembered that Tom Endicott had been a pretty fair sailor of yachts in the old days, but I trembled when I saw him hoist a big, booming spinnaker on the weaving foremast and double the sheets on the big mainsail. The very Kanakas looked askance at him as the little vessel began to surge along with gathering speed, and the swells broke under the forefoot with a roar.

"Not much leeway," he told me in the afternoon, as the two men at the wheel toiled and sweated to keep the *Lady Lee* on her course. "Got to make that island by morning, if we take the sticks out of her. This is only the first wave of the wind. To-morrow you'll see what a tropical hurricane can do."

"Still I don't see your object," I protested. "Miss Harlee is safe—you can't say she would be safer aboard this schooner. And it's a sure thing we can't heel and let your vessel go hang."

He paused long enough to stare at the thickening vapor overhead and murmur:

"Poor Nan! To think of her stopping down there for months, maybe, and not knowing whether I was lost or safe."

"You mean to tell me you are taking this risk because you dream a woman who has made it plain she cares nothing for you may worry over your safety?"

"You don't know Nan," he said, drawling me into the shelter of the poop. "She's the kind that worries. When I had the fever down in Guayaquil, I woke up to find her with a broken clinical thermometer in her hand. I spat out the glass and called her Ann Augusta. Bless her heart, she dropped down on her knees beside me and cried. She told me she was glad I would get well and go back to New York. A pal! D'ye think I'm not going back to speak the island and signal her I'm all right?"

"But Ann Augusta?" I cried.

"The butler, the footman, and the maids are looking after her," he said curtly.

ONLY the sleepy eyes of the natives found the island in the wild weather the next morning. Tom clung to the fore-rigging and peered long and anxiously ahead. When he came down and rejoined me where I held on by the jerking wheel, he nodded in satisfaction.

"The gale won't be much worse till night," he bawled in my ear. "We can make it!"

"Make what?" I yelled back.

He brushed his bare head with one sinewy hand, and hailed a native from the wheel. The Kanaka glanced at him with an appalled expression. The peak rose ahead of us with prodigious speed, the thundering seas about us began to leap aboard, the long decks filled, the whale-boat went overside in splinters. And Tom held the shrieking vessel to her course into the reeking gulf ahead.

I think we cried out with one voice, the Kanakas and I. For behind us a huge crested comber lifted itself profoundly, steaming and boiling, its foaming ridge driving off in long whip-lashes over the doomed schooner. Ahead the vast shadow of the mountain loomed in echoing magnificence, bathed in spume and spray. The *Lady Lee* snarled, bows awash, bulwarks crashing, masts whipping, spun onward with a lurch, took a tremendous lunk-swell to the topmast, shot upward to the send of another surge, leaped clean through the terrific surf, and came down with a roaring, thudding impact on the rocky beach.

An instant later Tom and I were scrambling after the natives out of the shallows to the higher ground. There I faced about and tried to peer into the unspeakable blast of the hurricane. I saw nothing of the schooner—was, in fact, flung backward in the undergrowth of the mountainside by the furious wind.

I got my footing with infinite difficulty, clutching at my bleeding knees and struggling for breath. I was driven on up the slope as if an irresistible power impelled me, and fell at last exhausted in the shelter of an outjutting rock.

The echo of the storm was about me, and poised on the ridge of a crag I saw a tree whipping straight out from its foothold before the blast, like a pennant. It seemed as if I heard its tortured roots yield under the strain, and I watched to see it flick away. It stayed, motionless and taut. I sat up and looked about me.

Above me I saw Nan Harlee coming down the steep ascent, skirts blowing, her arms outstretched to balance her. Tom was waiting, braced against a boulder. They swept into each other's arms, and she lifted her streaming face to his. Their lips met.

AS I watched them fascinatedly, I saw him suddenly hold her out at arm's length, his face contorted with anxiety. She held one hand over her bosom.

"You are hurt!" he cried with profound solicitude.

She nodded, her lips twisted with agony.

"My heart!" she answered.

As a mountainous sea crashed on the shore and drove up almost to my foothold, the Kanakas fled by me in a huddle, silent, terror-stricken. Tom stood with Nan in his embrace, staring into her eyes.

"Nan!" he called.

Slowly she held out her arms again, as if in a single gesture to dismiss pain and welcome happiness. Overhead the world shattered away in unspeakable tumult, and the sea battered dangerously to their very feet. Heedless pair, clasped in each other's arms, lips pressed to lips.

I sat down wearily. I plucked my own hand over my breast, feeling another pain than they suffered in bliss. Mine was the pain of age and loneliness and desolation.

I and Ann Augusta!

Proving Up on Past Performance

By EDWIN BALMER

"HE looks all right to you?"

"Yes; what do you think?"

"Oh, all right," Corlett, the general manager, nodded. "He's worked for Canton & Company, hasn't he? That'll tell about him; what kind of send-off did they give him?"

"Fine. Here it is."

Grant, the sales-manager, handed over a sheet of paper with Canton & Company's well known name and design at the top. The document was a formal recommendation of the usual sort, stating that Samuel Inglis had been in their employ for three years as city salesman; that he was at all times regular in his work, which was always satisfactory; and that his leaving the company was occasioned by necessary reduction in the city sales force following the discontinuance of certain specialties. The letter was signed by L. J. Quade, the sales-manager.

"That's all regular. You've telephoned this Quade, of course?"

"Yes; he says Inglis is a bright fellow; made very good sales."

"Take him on, then. Anything else?"

"Nothing else, Mr. Corlett. I'll start Inglis right away; you know we need—"

The sales-manager went out. Corlett, beyond making the mental note that he now had a good, well recommended man to take care of the growing sales on the northwest side, dismissed the matter, and he did not have occasion to take up employment problems again until just before starting for home that night, when the chief of the retail sales department appeared at the door of the private office.

"Come in, Barnes. Shut the door. Now you've located the trouble on your floor, have you?"

"Yes, sir; that is, I think I have, sir."

"Who is it?"

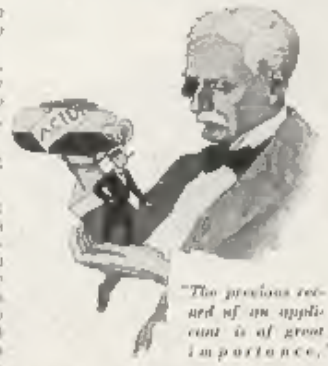
"Dan Farrell. At least, it's the boxes that he's been handling where we have had the losses. Some of those drugs this year, you know, are worth their weight in gold. Ten ounces of the solution—almost thirty dollars' worth—are missing again to-day."

"You've seen him take the stuff?"

"Not seen him, sir, but almost the same as. I can trace the losses to him, all right. I'm sure it's Farrell."

"Then get rid of him. If you've no definite proof, just let him out on any good excuse. You'd better not let even him know why we're firing him; and of course not any one outside. If he didn't do it, we'd be doing him an injustice, and, besides, we might lay ourselves open to trouble. Understand? Good night, Barnes."

And Corlett went home quite easy in his mind, with both of the little problems that had been troubling him all settled. That there was any contradiction in the settlement of the two troubles never occurred to him.



"The previous record of an application is of great importance."

It was not until one day about a month later that the essence of the contradiction offered itself to him as a subject for thought.

That day Grant burst into his office about noon, his hands full of receipted forms which he thrust down on the desk before Corlett.

"Look at these, please!"

Corlett, scrutinizing the sheets, saw that they were statements of sales to drug stores which all seemed to be on the northwest side of the city; all the statements had been stamped "Paid" by the firm stamp and initialed "S. I."

"Well, what about these, Grant?"

"Inglis is gone—skipped with four thousand dollars of our money, which he collected from our customers in his territory. That's what, Mr. Corlett! I suspected something was wrong yesterday when he didn't show up, and one of the druggists out there, who'd been told that his next order would be held up unless he paid Inglis at once, 'phoned in. Inglis has worked this drug shortage and the crisis with Germany to make those little foreign druggists out there believe—"

Grant gave the details of the scheme.

"Hm-m!" Corlett considered grimly. "Canton & Company sent that fellow to us, didn't they? And didn't they recommend him? Have you called them up?"

"You bet I called them up! I talked to Quade—the man who recommended Inglis to us!"

Grant gripped the desk to keep control of himself.

"I told Quade what happened, and what do you suppose he had the nerve to say to me? He said he wasn't surprised! What do you know about that? I asked him what he meant, and finally I found out that they'd had a little trouble with Inglis over there. Nothing serious, Quade said; just a little irregularity about something. That was why they let him out—and recommended him to us!

"I asked Quade why he couldn't tell me that before. He said he didn't want to give the fellow a black eye; besides, they had no proof against him; they just suspected enough to fire him. That was all; and they sent him to us with a recommendation! That was a fine trick, wasn't it? That was—"

Corlett, as he listened, colored a little. A certain recollection of an action of his own recurred to him. When the sales-manager was gone, Corlett considered a moment, and then sent for Barnes.

"About that man we let go for dishon-

ently a month back, Barnes. What do you think about him now?"

"Farrell? I don't think about him any more, sir. I know it was him. The losses of everything stopped the day he went."

"Hm! Where did he go, Barnes?"

"J. K. Lowry Company have him, sir."

"You recommended him to them?"

"Certainly, sir; didn't you say to?"

"Yes," Corlett admitted. "But now I want you to— No; that's all, Barnes; I'll attend to it myself."

And when Barnes was gone the general manager called the Lowry Company. When he located the proper official:

"This is about a salesman named Farrell whom our retail department recommended to you last month. How's he doing?"

"Oh, all right! Fine! We've put him to selling crockery and things of that sort, so he wouldn't be under the temptation he was at your place—"

"Temptation?" Corlett repeated. "What do you mean? How did you know we had trouble with him over here?"

The man at the other end of the wire laughed.

"Oh, we've a system to find out little things like that, Mr. Corlett. The head of your retail department tried to lie like an employer and a gentleman for the fellow; but we have a way of finding out pretty much what the real situation is. . . . What? . . . Yes, sir. Of course; I'll be glad to send some one over or come over myself to explain our method. . . . All right; right away."

RECENTLY I wrote for the readers of this magazine a brief explanation, under the title of "Selecting Salesmen by Science," of one of the tests now being used by many large and progressive companies for determining the native ability of applicants for positions as salesmen. While such tests as that which was published have proved of great value in marking natural capacity in men who have had experience, as well as in indicating the most able prospects in a group of green applicants, the tests are not intended to supplant other methods of examining applicants; they are planned to supplement other methods.

There are always in the world more people who are employed, or who have been employed, than there are people applying for the first time for a position. The proper ascertaining and the proper estimating of "previous records" is, therefore, one of the most important things to every employer; and it is one of the features of the employment problem which is admittedly in the most unsatisfactory shape. The tests previously discussed come to the aid of the employer only in demonstrating for him, within reasonable limits, the grade of natural ability in an employee or in a prospective employee; they can not demonstrate the grade of the honesty or reliability of an applicant, or uncover other kinks in his character, which, entirely irrespective of his natural ability, may make him a good or bad employee. The *previous record* of the applicant, in other employment or at school or elsewhere, is—or should be—of the greatest aid here.

But the trouble is that, with few exceptions, each employer finds it practically impossible for him to secure trustworthy and usable information from previous employers of a person coming to him for a position; and, with very few exceptions, the employer who complains about the effect upon his business of this bad condition himself only aggravates it for others. This not only works injury to the employers, but also does injustice to the great majority of employees who are honest, reliable, and thoroughly industrious. It is a wrong to everybody when—as under our present loose practice—a man or a woman who has made an excellent record for industry and character under one employer, can carry to the next employer no better recommendation than the person who has been dismissed "for cause," and yet who is commonly recommended, either out of the customary soft-headed soft-heartedness, or from dread of causing "trouble," if the truth is told.

"The new tests have put an end to hiring an applicant on the usual general terms. It has reduced a 'recommendation' to something definite and reliable."

With a view of insuring more trustworthy and usable information, Dr. Walter D. Scott—the psychologist whose investigations in practical business problems have resulted in several exceptionally important works, and who devised the test for natural ability previously published, describes a form blank for the "previous record" which is being used along with the tests. As the tests have succeeded in supplanting the old method of employing on a general impression of the applicant's ability, so this new form has proved highly effective. It has put an end to employing a person recommended only in the usual general—and therefore utterly meaningless and untrustworthy—terms. It has reduced a "recommendation" to something definite and reliable.

This is the form for salesmen which the Lowry Company sent to Corlett (the names of the companies are, of course, fictitious).

.....1917

.....

.....

Dear Sir:

Mr. ... ... of ..... has applied to us for a position as salesman and given you as reference. He states that he was employed by you as ..... for a period .....

Will you please advise whether this information is correct?

.....

Why did the applicant leave your employment? .....

Please place a check mark in the space below that indicates the character of his service:

	Good	Fair	Quite Poorly
Work	( )	( )	( )
Conduct	( )	( )	( )
Ability	( )	( )	( )
Character	( )	( )	( )

Would you be willing to reemploy him? .....

Would you recommend him for the position applied for? .....

Out of ten men filling the position which the applicant held with you, what would be his comparative rank?

.....

(If he would be the best, please mark his rank 1; this estimate is, of course, only an approximation, but we will greatly appreciate your best judgment in the matter.)

Sincerely yours,

The first two questions on this blank are, of course, only the usual ones which are now in use and which are customarily answered in the meaningless terms; the other questions allow no such laxity, and, whether they are all answered or not, elicit information of definite significance. The skipping of a question may be quite as significant as an answer.

Under present conditions, it is seldom to be expected that a previous employer will mark the "unsatisfactory" column after *conduct* or *character* unless the applicant has been proved guilty of open or flagrant offense; a mark of unsatisfactory after either of these two, therefore, is of serious significance. A mark of "fair" warns of caution. Ordinarily the column "good" will be marked, as regards *conduct* and particularly as regards *character*, whenever possible. After *work* and *ability* a mark of "unsatisfactory" is less seriously significant. One will more readily indicate in writing an honest opinion of another's work or ability than of his character. Therefore a mark of "fair" on the first and third lines of that section need not be discounted.

When a previous employer marks *work* "good" and omits to mark conduct or character at all, nothing but an unfavorable opinion is to be deduced. Avoidance of the question, "Would you be willing to reemploy him?" also may be set down as a "no,"—if everything else is answered,—or, at best, as a matter of doubt. A positive answer to the next question is not as significant as an affirmative to the previous one. Many people will quite willingly recommend to another a person whom they would not reemploy.

The last question—because its form encourages an unusually fair and frank answer—is one of the most important.

An employer, who may vaguely feel that he exposes himself to action for damages if he goes on record as describing another person's character or conduct unfavorably, can answer the last question fairly without a qualm. To say that a discharged employee has an unsatisfactory character may be challengeable; but to say that, in *your* opinion, he is tenth among ten men in your employ tells a good deal and can not be combated. A man like Barnes, though eager to avoid trouble for himself and to get Farrell off his hands, finds himself bound to tell at least part of the truth in answering that last question, if only in fairness to the other men working under him.

Dr. Scott indicates the grading of the blanks upon a percentage basis. The blank should be filled out by the last three employers, if the applicant has had that many. If all the previous employers fill in all the blanks under "good" and put a (1) in the last paragraph, Scott gives 100 per cent. on previous record. Corresponding percentages are given for all the various combinations found in the blank.

In such a customary case as described at the beginning of this article, Barnes would be expected to "lie like an employer and a gentleman" in his general answer to the question as to why Farrell left his last employment; he would mark Farrell's work good; his conduct, good; ability, good; and avoid marking character.

Barnes would dodge going on record as willing to reemploy Farrell, but would cheerfully recommend him, per custom; however, he would rank him down near the bottom of ten men in his employ. From all this the Lowry Company would perceive that Farrell was a good salesman who conducted himself properly, but that there was something to watch out for; which would lead to ascertaining the truth and the placing of Farrell in a job where he would be removed from the temptation to which previously he was exposed, and where he would get a grip upon himself and make good: while Inglis, having lost in stocks four thousand dollars of his employers' money, was mailing for Canada.

Adoption of such a system for insuring trustworthy information as to previous record will put a quick end to the pernicious practice to-day under which an employee who gives seriously unsatisfactory service can count upon the weakness of his employer to give him a good recommendation and send him, without having suffered for his dereliction, to victimize another employer. Establishment of such a system will insure to the great majority of worthy workers the reward of an honest record of achievement which can not be counterfeited for the slack or dishonest man, and which therefore will encourage a good man to maintain his standing.

The record form which is here discussed is one designed primarily for ascertaining and grading the records of salesmen; but the principles of it apply to the record of any sort of employee, and may well be extended into the field of domestic service, where the "reference" has become so abused as to be almost completely worthless.

I have described, previously, something of Dr. Scott's method of standardizing the grade of native intellectual ability to be required of applicants for positions as salesmen. Standards of physical condition to be required of applicants for positions are so generally understood that they require no particular definition here. Determining the grade of the technical ability to be required of an applicant for a selling position is a problem now being solved. Dr. Scott has attacked it most successfully in a manner described on one of his "Instruction to Applicants" blanks.

In Room A is a merchant who is to be regarded as a "buyer." You are to enter Room A, introduce yourself to Merchant A, and try to sell him some kind of merchandise. You will spend five minutes with Mr. A, then pass on to Room B and repeat your selling talk to Merchant B. You will keep this up till you have called on all the "buyers."

You may sell any line of merchandise. The following are examples: automobiles, breakfast food, clothing, fountain-pens, life insurance, office supplies, real estate, rubber goods, sporting goods, tobacco, typewriters, etc.

You may make the same talk to each "buyer." If you decide to sell an automobile, then you may assume that each of the merchants is an automobile dealer. If you decide to sell a breakfast food, then assume that each "buyer" is a grocer, etc.

Present your merchandise for five minutes in such a way that the "buyer" will actually want to purchase your line. Sell as you would if the "buyer" were a real prospective.

Prepare your line of talk in advance!

The *personality* of each applicant similarly is passed upon by several interviewers, who judge upon personal appearance, tact, industry, promise of usefulness to the company, etc. Personality, of course, is particularly hard to reduce to "quantitative determinations"; but, whatever the qualities that are judged, the examiners must summarize their judgment in a single figure.

"Some of these quantitative determinations," Scott says, "are, of course, more important than others; but all must be combined into a single figure according to their relative importance" in respect to the place to be filled. Previous record, physical condition, native intellectual ability, technical ability, personality!

How few firms make the slightest attempt to determine how applicants for positions grade in the qualities that make for success or failure; how few could even define those qualities, much less define any real standard in respect to each that must be reached by a successful applicant. Dr. Scott's work, if not revolutionary, certainly is most dynamically evolutionary. It is in recognition of this that thirty of the most successful firms in the country are working together, and with him, as "cooperating members" of the Bureau of Salesmanship Research, and that hundreds of the most progressive men at the head of sales organizations are following his work with the most eager interest.

Of this work, as it continues to develop results which can be expressed in tried and tested terms, more will be written.

THIS is the second of Mr. Palmer's articles presenting the results of Professor Scott's work in applying scientific methods to the problems of selecting, hiring, and handling men in business. The first article was called "Selecting Salesmen by Science." A third article in the series will appear shortly.

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN

© Brown & Dawson.

A Canadian snapped this picture of the harbor from the Rock of Gibraltar. If the sentry had heard his shutter click, a shooting at sunrise—the conventional ceremony in such instances—would have taken place.

A CANADIAN received permission to walk among the great guns that bristle from the Rock of Gibraltar, and the garrison didn't know he had a camera up his sleeve. Stepping into the mouth of one of the huge caves, he took his life in his hands and snapped the harbor, more than 1000 feet below, plus the handsome silhouette of the sentry.

The British have fortified Gibraltar with three tiers of 110-ton guns, in built-in fore galleries that circle the upper wall of the rock. The firing is mathematically perfect, for the surrounding waters have been mapped into squares, each of which has a gun trained on it. At the foot of the rock sixty-four flat acres have been reclaimed from the sea, and these are covered with great dockyards that can repair and coal a large fleet.

Gibraltar has been coveted by warriors and kings and admirals for hundreds of years. In 1309 the ruler of a small Spanish kingdom captured it from the Moors, and, in order to keep out invaders, he offered it as an asylum to thieves and murderers.

In 1704 the allied British and Dutch fleets captured it in the interests of Charles, the Archduke of Austria. But as the besieged gave way, it occurred to Sir George Rooke, the British admiral, that the Rock would be nice for England. So, in a flash of intuition, he planted the English flag and presented Gibraltar to Queen Anne. She accepted it, and ever since England has held it, withstanding a hundred-odd years of protests and sieges from France and Spain.

To-day it is said that, with its reservoirs for storing rain-water, and its capacity for provisioning, Gibraltar can stand comfortably against a seven-year siege.

BABIES THE REAL CAUSE OF WAR

WHAT causes wars? Court intrigues? Vaulting ambitions? Big navies? Not primarily, says Havelock Ellis in *Essays in War-Time* (Houghton, Mifflin Company). When you get right down to the bottom of the subject, the real cause of wars is babies.

"A French gentleman well acquainted with the constitution of his country," wrote Thicknesse in 1776, 'told me above eight years since that France increased so rapidly in peace that they must have a war every twelve or fourteen years to carry off the refuse of the people.'

"Recently a well known German Socialist, Dr. Eduard David, setting forth the same great truth, states that it would have been impossible for Germany to wage the present war, had it not been for the high German birth-rate during the past half century. A more distinguished social hygienist, Professor Max Gruber, declares the war was inevitable and unavoidable, and that Germany was responsible for it, not, he hastens to add, in any moral sense, but in a biological sense, because in forty-four years Germans have increased in numbers from forty millions to eighty millions. The war was therefore a 'biological necessity.'

"The four nations most prepared to welcome the war," in Mr. Ellis's opinion, "were Russia, Austria, Germany, and Serbia; and these are the four nations of Europe whose birth-rate is largest. On the other hand, France, of all the nations, was least eager for war. And the decline of the birth-rate in France has been notorious for decades. Generally speaking, history shows that as the birth-rate of a nation declines its tendency to war declines also."

ALL FRANCE IS PROUD OF HIM

NOT many years ago Auguste Rodin was rejected for the third time by the Beaux Arts, a society of artists who thought they knew exactly how sculpture should look. When he tried to exhibit his work at the Salon he was rebuffed again.

"The work I sent in, 'The Man with the Crooked Nose,' was not conceived after the taste of my judges," he said. "I represented him as I saw him, while they think it is legitimate to tamper with nature and *beautify* her."

While the popular sculptors of the day seemed to feel that every sculptured figure should have pleasing features, well rounded limbs, if not a Greek nose at least a Roman nose, Rodin felt that nature was the only thing worth copying. When pupils came to him, he could only say, "Study nature." He admired models who had large feet unmarred by tight shoes, "because only large feet are natural and proportionate." For these heresies he was denounced as indecent and a madman.

Before he received any appreciation from art critics, this sculptor of whom all France is proud suffered nearly fifty years of extreme poverty. His parents were peasants, and for long periods he would have to give up his sculpture to work as a mere artisan, for the sake of getting bread for his earthly body.

Rodin's first wife died about a year ago, an old, old woman whom he married in his artisan days. She never advanced a step along the road that her husband took, and when great rulers and great artists and great writers came to his studio to pay their respects, his little old wife was always there knitting, in a little cap and shawl. All we know of her is that she kept his house for him and was glad that they had plenty of money for their old age.

Strange to say, according to a notice that appeared in the Paris journals, Rodin—a patriarch of seventy-six with a patriarchal white beard—married a girl named Rose Beurre on January 29, 1917. Three weeks later she died, and the only people who can explain this wedding are the two necessary witnesses.

© E. O. Hoppé.

Rodin labored fifty years to prove that great sculpture is not necessarily pretty and pleasing. Now Meštrović has sculptured this portrait of Rodin. Seems like the workings of Nemesis, but Rodin thinks the statue is great art and a good likeness.

PROVING THAT GOOD NATURE PAYS

GOOD nature pays. A grouch is one of the most expensive luxuries in which a man can possibly indulge—expensive not merely in peace of mind and doctors' bills, but in actual coin of the real cash. Big business men do not want unhappy people about them—in any business. In the hotel business, says E. Statler in the May *American Magazine*, they are impossible. Mr. Statler is "now the biggest hotel man in the world, in that his combined hotel interests exceed those of any individual or group."

Recently he issued the following letter to all his managers:

"From this date you are instructed to employ only good-natured people, cheerful and pleasant, who smile easily and often.

"This ought to go for every job in the house, but at present I'll insist on it only for people who come in contact with guests. It does go, from this day, for all department heads, front office people, cashiers, captains, elevator-men, porters, telephone operators, and other employees who have to deal directly with patrons.

"And it isn't to be only a case of hiring. That policy is to govern *all promotions*, and you are to begin, right now, to measure your *present staff* by it.

"If it's necessary to clean house, do it. Don't protest. Get rid of the grouches, and the people who can't keep their tempers, and the people who act as if they were always under a burden of trouble and feeling sorry for themselves. You can't make that kind of person over, you can't do anything with him, profitably, but get rid of him. Let the other fellow have him; and you have a man that can be taught.

"Hire pleasant, cheerful people, and reject *every one* who isn't."

THE PRICE WE PAY FOR SHELTER

THE first door of the first cave-men was a hole in front of the hut. After the family had all crawled in at night or during a storm, it was closed with a slab of stone. While this kept out the snakes and wild beasts, it kept out also light and air. But light and air for the inside of the house were trifles to the cave families, who spent all their time outdoors.

As man grew more civilized, he spent more time in the house; but, while the house grew larger and more comfortable, the apertures for light and air were not much bigger than that of the cave-man; and the more he gained in the way of shelter, the more he lost in the way of health.

"Those beautiful transparent windows of ours," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in *Community Hygiene* (Houghton, Mifflin Company), "though they let in the light, still keep out the air. We don't open them half as often as we should, because we have still the cave-dweller's dread of the cold or rain which used to come in when the shutter in the hut was left open.

"Even with the largest and most beautiful windows placed upon two sides of a room, it is hard to keep indoor air as fresh and wholesome as that of outdoors. Once every hour it is best to throw windows and doors wide open. This changes the air in the room and in our lungs, and exercises every part of our brains and bodies."

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO QUARREL

"I AM too busy to quarrel with you," said Lincoln to a man who came to explain a letter of brutal criticism. "If you hadn't shown me your letter, I probably wouldn't ever have seen it." And this, says Helen Nicolay in *Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln* (Century Company), was characteristic of him.

To a young officer who had been court-martialed for fighting, he sent this gentle reprimand:

"The advice of a father to his son—'Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee'—is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare the time for personal contention. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

He was sensitive to criticism, but he felt that anger was inefficient, and personal quarrels cost energy surely needed for more important tasks. When the office of Chief Justice became vacant, he appointed Chase, though Chase had been one of his bitterest critics. He once waited an hour in McClellan's house; and when that headstrong young man came home and went to bed without a word, Lincoln refused to resent it. "It is better at this time," he said to Seward, "not to be making points of etiquette and personal dignity."

IS WOMAN'S PLACE AT THE WASH-TUB?

WHEN a wife gives up housework and goes into business, you expect the family income to be increased by just the amount of her salary. But it isn't. What she makes at the office she spends in hiring some one to do the baking and washing and sewing that she used to do. She is, in the meantime, by increasing competition and by working for a small wage, lowering the income of men in business, perhaps even that of her husband. This, says Henry Pratt Fairchild in *Outline of Applied Sociology* (Macmillan Company), is one of the problems caused by women in business.

Another evil is the dissatisfaction often felt by a woman who gives up a well paid occupation for the financially dependent position of the married woman, says Professor Fairchild.

"If, as often happens, the earning power of the woman is equal, or even superior, to that of the man, the resulting friction may be extreme, especially if the man belongs to that class of husbands who *force* their wives to take the position of supplicants for any money given them for their own use."

Against such drawbacks these are the advantages:

"The total working force of society is increased and production thereby augmented. Girls whose families are not able to provide them with educational opportunities are doubtless better off employed than idle.

"The feeling of independence which the wage-earning girl draws from her employment prevents her from 'marrying for a meal-ticket.' The broadening influence of participating in the busy life of the world is also a definite gain."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A "LOVELY GIRL"?

PEOPLE say that when a man falls in love and marries, it is only an incident in his life—a fortunate or unfortunate side-issue. To women a good marriage is their life-work, and love their whole existence. Times must be changing, for young men now brood over the subject of the ideal girl until we worry for their health.

Fifty Harvard graduates, all bachelors, met in grave conclave "to draw up specifications as to the desirable qualities in the girls they would marry." Here is their identification of a "lovely girl," given in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*:

"She is attractive, graceful, healthy, but not necessarily pretty.

"She can dress tastefully and entertain any one and make him feel at ease.

"She can make bread as well as fudge, and cake as well as rarebit.

"She is appreciative of the dance and of the sports.

"She is broad-minded, sympathetic, tactful, unselfish, thrifty, optimistic, and of good disposition.

"She has good social standing, is of a religious nature, and is not too proud to pray."

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

In our eyes this is a lovely girl; but is she "sympathetic, unselfish, thrifty, optimistic, of good disposition, a good cook, and not too proud to pray"? Then only will fifty Harvard graduates take an interest.

A little later the University of Missouri, which is co-educational, took the same sort of census in its sociology classes.

The young Missourians didn't ask that their ideal be religious, communal, or a good cook—taking these qualities for granted perhaps. The men stood solidly for good character in the girl of their choice, for intellectual ability, good looks, playfulness, and, strangely enough, for good heredity. The girls' prime requisite in the ideal man was morality, and next in importance came physical beauty. Then followed youth, honesty, and congeniality.

On the whole, the specifications of the Missourians seem more romantic and idealistic than those of Harvard, whose romantic yearnings might be boiled down to this: "Somewhere in the world there is an unselfish, well dressed girl of good social standing who can make me perfectly comfortable."

THE MAN WITH THE WONDERFUL MEMORY

IN the giant organization of which he is president are 270,000 employees—more than the population of St. Paul or Louisville or Denver or Atlanta. He knows thousands of them personally, and never forgets a name. His list of engagements to see people at times averages from forty to fifty a day, besides which he carries on a large correspondence, and finds time to be "familiar with every minute phase of his concern's manufacturing and selling departments."

This man, according to B. C. Forbes, writing in the *May American Magazine*, is James A. Farrell, "ex-laborer, now president of the United States Steel Corporation."

"For ten days Mr. Farrell sat in the witness chair during the Government's suit against the Steel Corporation and, without consulting books, papers, or data of any kind, answered every question fired at him. Not once did he have to reply, 'I don't know.' He appeared to know everything, and seemed to remember everything. Here, for example, is his reply—wholly without any notes or memoranda—to the question, 'Can you remember what percentage of the business of each of the subsidiaries of the Steel Corporation was foreign in 1910 and in 1912?'

"'Yes, the Carnegie Steel Company, 21 per cent. in 1910; 24 per cent. in 1912. The National Tube Company, 10 per cent. in 1910; 12 per cent. for 1912. The American Sheet & Tin Plate Company, 11 per cent. in 1910; 20 per cent. in 1912. The American Steel & Wire Company, 17 per cent. in 1910; 20 per cent. in 1912. The Lorain Steel Company, 30 per cent. in both periods. The American Bridge Company, 6 per cent. in 1910; 8.5 per cent. in 1912. The Illinois Steel Company, 1.2 per cent. in 1910; 2.4 per cent. in 1912.'

"The judge and everybody gasped.

"'To cultivate a good memory,' says Mr. Farrell, 'at first requires effort—great effort. In time it becomes easy and natural to remember things. To retain things in your mind becomes a habit.

"'Conan Doyle, in his writings, propounded the right idea. You must concentrate. You must not carry any useless mental baggage. You must concentrate on the things in which you are interested and expunge from your memory everything you are not interested in. There must be not only a spring cleaning, but a daily cleaning of your memory, so to speak, in order to make room for fresh stores of helpful information."

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For ten days Mr. Farrell sat in the witness chair and, without glancing at his cuffs, answered hundreds of questions like this: "What percentage of the business of each of the subsidiaries of the Steel Corporation was foreign in 1910 and in 1912?"

GIVE YOUR BOY THESE BOOKS

IF a boy has to leave school and go to work before he has had a chance to read many books, the United States government will give him a reading course free.

For admission to the circle of boys reading in this course, write to the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., giving your name, post-office address, age, and a brief statement of your education and occupation. This list should be read within three years of the time you register:

Hans Brinker, Mary Mapes Dodge.
The Jungle Book, Rudyard Kipling.
Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe.
The Last of the Mohicans, James Fenimore Cooper.
Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain.
Stover at Yale, Owen Johnson.
Lorna Doone, R. D. Blackmore.
Treasure Island, Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Cloister and the Hearth, Charles Reade.
David Copperfield, Charles Dickens.
Westward Ho, Charles Kingsley.
Age of Chivalry, Thomas Bulfinch.
Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott.
Idylls of the King, Alfred Tennyson.
Macbeth and The Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare.
Oregon Trail, Francis Parkman.
Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography.
Abraham Lincoln, Norman Hapgood.
Robert E. Lee, Philip A. Bruce.
Burke's Conciliation.
Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.
Washington's Farewell Address.
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
(The four above published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.)
Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous, Sarah K. Bolton.
Famous Scouts, C. H. L. Johnston.
Careers of Danger and Daring, Cleveland Moffett.
What Can Literature Do for Me? C. Alphonso Smith.

THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN DROWNING

From London Opinion.

"Please don't trouble to save me, father."

WHAT KIND OF HEADACHES DO YOU HAVE?

MIGRAINE (sick headache) is the commonest type of recurring headache, says Walden E. Mims, instructor in pathology at the University of Missouri, in a bulletin dealing with the ten or twelve kinds of headache.

Investigators differ regarding the immediate cause of headaches of this type. The present drift of opinion of medical men is that there is a marked derangement of the circulation in the brain, following certain disturbances due to a congenital defect in the chemistry of nutrition.

The attack usually begins, says the writer, with a feeling of chilliness and with eye symptoms of blurring, floating specks and colorations, which may advance to partial blindness. During the preliminary period it is sometimes possible to prevent the attack by drinking a pint of warm water in which has been dissolved from two to forty grains of bicarbonate of soda.

"After the attack has commenced, it is hard to control the pain. The patient should rest in a dark and quiet room. There should be plenty of cool, fresh air, and the body warmth kept up to normal with hot-water bottles and added wraps. Heat or cold may be applied to the head, according to preference. Epsom salts, if the patient can retain the dose, and a cup of black coffee may mitigate the attack.

"A general hygienic regime should be instituted by those who suffer frequently and severely. Plenty of exercise in the open air is important. Frequent bathing is essential.

"A simple but nutritious diet of small amount must be followed rigidly. The tendency to overeat should be guarded against. Rich sauces and fried food must be avoided. Cheese, especially the French cheeses, is to be excluded. Sugar is to be used very sparingly and all candy is forbidden."

Her Own Business

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

ELIZABETH FARNUM, on her father's death, becomes owner of his business, the manufacture of Excelsheen paper, and is made an officer in the company. On a trip South with her mother, she meets Edwin Hyatt, a young advertising man, who inspires her with the idea of going into her own office and directing the business. Edwin Hyatt returns to his job in Chicago, and one day receives a letter from Miss Farnum inviting him to come to Farnumville and be her advertising manager. Hyatt accepts the offer, and three days later arrives at the factory. From the first he is silently antagonized by the general manager, Samuel Rouss, who has grown up with the company. Meantime the Paper Trust makes Miss Farnum an attractive offer for the plant. Knowing that her father had resisted the Trust for years before his death, Miss Farnum decides to refuse the offer. But Mrs. Farnum, who has social ambitions for her daughter, would like nothing better than to sell and get out of "trade." She sends for Rouss and asks his advice. The general manager assures her that if she will give him authority to go to the Trust he can manage to put over the deal in spite of her daughter's strange attitude. Miss Farnum and Hyatt are working hard on a national advertising scheme. When this is finally launched it brings a flood of orders which the general manager—skeptical in the face of Miss Farnum's warning to be ready for increased sales—is unprepared for. At this critical time Hyatt returns from a business trip to find the paper-makers on strike.

"A STRIKE!" cried Hyatt, sitting down hard on the nearest chair. "A strike! Great Scott, what about?"

"It's absolutely beyond me," replied Elizabeth Farnum. "It's just left me bereft of any little understanding I might have had. I don't see it at all. Here is all I know about it: Ten days ago a committee of three of the paper-makers waited on me here in the office. They were courteous enough, and, though I didn't understand enough about the technical points to know precisely what they were after in some cases, they had drawn up a paper of 'demands,' which they left with me.

"The principal points were for a closed shop, an eight-hour day instead of nine, a slight increase in wages, and double time, instead of time and a half, for night work. Then there were minor demands, such as remodeling the washrooms, and things like that.

"I gathered that they have brought a walking delegate, or whatever you call him, here to advise them. But the central figure is one of our own men, named Schopp. Perhaps you've seen him?—a man with a big red face, and bristly light hair that stands straight up from his forehead?"

"What did you do?" asked Hyatt.

"What could I do? Imagine my state of mind! It came out of a clear sky—and just when we were turning heaven and earth to fill orders. There was nobody to whom I could turn except Mr. Rouss. First I thought of wiring you to come right back. But it did seem a pity to bother you, when your letters showed the progress you were making; and, besides, I thought perhaps it was something we could easily patch up. So I called in Mr. Rouss and submitted the demands to him."

"What did he say?"

"After he read the paper he threw it on the desk and said, 'We'll show them who's running this place, Miss Farnum! Give way to these fellows one inch, and they'll crowd you out!'

"'But under the circumstances,' I told him, 'it might be well to make concessions. Perhaps some of these demands should be granted as a matter of justice.'

"'Not a concession!' said Mr. Rouss. 'If you leave it to me, I'll settle them in short order.'

"What could I do, Mr. Hyatt? He seemed so confident of being able to manage the situation, and I have gone over his head so many times, it looked sensible at the moment to give him leave to go ahead."

"And he settled it," remarked Hyatt dryly.

"Yes, he settled it. He told the men that we would not treat with them unless they went back to their places first. The men gave their answer day before yesterday. They stopped everything at three o'clock in the afternoon, and filed quietly out of the plants, without any noisy demonstration or mischief. And now—I'm so discouraged I don't know which way to turn.

"Just when things were going so well, Mr. Hyatt! Oh, I wonder if it's true, as Mr. Rouss said, that the men in the plants have no respect for a woman at the head of the business? Have I been wrong all the time in trying to do something—something—?

"Oh, I believe if a representative of the Trust should come along this minute with the papers ready to sign, I'd just let everything go and sell to them!"

Her lips trembled as she spoke, and her eyes were wet with tears.

"No, you wouldn't, Miss Farnum!" cried Hyatt quickly. "You wouldn't give up like that! You may sell to them sometime, but you won't do it because you're in a corner. You won't do it under compulsion!"

"'I love you—hopeless as it is, foolish as it is, disloyal as it is. I love you!'"

UNDER the pressure of his faith, Elizabeth Farnum's head went erect again.

"Talk to me like that!" she burst out. "Say these things to me! Oh, if you had been here I'm sure this wouldn't have happened. Give me courage to go on, Mr. Hyatt. You—you are the only one who seems able to do it! Tell me to hold on, to fight it out. Tell me what to do!"

"I can do all that," replied Hyatt, "except to tell you what to do. At the moment, I haven't the least idea, because I don't know how things stand. Is there no one, of all your employees, who seems friendly?"

"Oh, yes!" was the glad reply. "Three of dad's oldest men came to me this morning, with tears in their eyes, telling me they never, never would have done it except they were forced to. Though they didn't say so, I think they were threatened into it. And I know there are many others like that. It seems to be Schopp and a few of the newer, younger help who are at the bottom of it."

"Have you a copy of the demands?"

"Yes; here it is."

Hyatt read the typewritten document carefully. Then he read it through again, more closely, before he put it down. The young woman was watching him with pathetic hopefulness, as if she half expected that when he had finished reading the whole matter would be solved. Hyatt laid the paper down, perplexed.

"The trouble is, Miss Farnum," he said, "that only a man with both shop practice and a knowledge of your books could say how far these demands are justifiable. I—I wish I could know *something*."

"You must know everything! Please

Continued on page 20

BETWEEN THE ACTS

It seems reasonable to suppose that an old-school actress, whose hand has shaken the hand that shook Edwin Booth's, should spend the time between acts in setting her afterwards and we had no idea that pretty lovelocks on leading ladies improvised their dressing-room attitudes. Now Hazel Dawn, who takes one of those decorating golden-curls calls quite unselfconscious as in The Century Girl. Miss Co her she sing-room, impersonator pushes her mouth out of the comic shakes a blank shred of mirror on the dressing, arches her collar, and dips the first bits that come into her head. When that is over she is left almost on her blank page

Photo

ADELAIDE and ELEANOR are completely refined the Queen Mary of England, who permits her high-necked dresses, fingerrings, and bowling invites, permitted her to dance before her Hero Miss Genée between the acts. Seeing primitive in her skirt of pink cloud she knits stockings for soldiers

Publication Courtesy of

THE gentleness of her + drive, the quietness of her glance and the wistful curves of her upper lip convinced us that Laure Taylor is one of the discerning young actresses in Belasco-more people. In "The Hard of Hearing" we discovered her as

WHICH would you rather be a baby, a tabby-cat, or a mountain? Leila Bisher, who's her dress apparently was all three. Before she became the delightful baby of Joel Paramount Annabelle she was an infant prodigy in literature as well as "Just a little dancer" should not publish them. While her tape-hands are playing down the English garden, Miss Bisher dips on a robe that's a cat cap that's a mountain cape that's some photographer might drop in. She paints pretty girls and the profile of the walking lady. One thing about her as she is not to have been cubists

WHERE are the romances we used to read about? They had antecedents, but modern girls of realism and outlook be Enid's easy baby stepped up to and laughed and waved out. Enlarging on overture of long hair ing an eyeball look of the rest of her face Nora we learn by Gaby Deslys teeth, acting in "Cheating Hearts," beautiful, glorious, and temperamental as she is, with like other heart breaking landscape gardens. She accordingly steeped herself in crushing books and lawn-mower poetry

through the peek hole an curtain a peep at Aunt eyes from nightmare had until her deserved rest all night pursuit she serves us in her dressing-room in her coat fulminating with her own hand the cup that carries and she takes that purgative

WORSE WIVES

Bill Shakespeare-making would with the modern publisher is not a great figment of his imagination as and allegory George contested to his Scribners. The woman is Ann Cathcelle his wife and the liveliest jeweller is splendid of his shattered happiness. The young lady coyly composed him while she was his mistress later she took charge of everything, she gambled away his income. The satin-pans in the kitchen were so full of the lights that he painter was known into convulsions of laughter and asked to be. When he refused such entertainments, she would rouse him at night and threaten to slash his throat with a carving knife. This is of course only conjecture. "Sudden ruthless gives a lot of women a heads."

"FOR God's sake have a little care of yourself. Give away as little as decently as you can. Try rest's milk." This remarkable remedy for a shrewish despot was prescribed by Queen Anne to Sarah Jennings first Duchess of Marlborough one of the most notorious women in history. She is credited with indulging in a daily spat with her husband who, like the gentleman married the outcome of one. At one time, after a quarrel, she remembered that her husband delighted especially in her glossy golden hair so she cut it off in a fit of rage, leaving the short locks where he could not fail to see them. Consuelo Vanderbilt now holds that only a duke without the appellation.

"I SHALL be getting wobbly," Irene remarked to her friend Weill when Mathilde Hesse threw a dish in the actress's face. "She never does those things to any one but me as a rule." Elise got tired of intriguing women, so he married Mathilde "a superb female animal, whose passionately sexy qualities" "What a dreamy as mine" he mused. "To have made love a religion, to believe in it as others do in a dogma, yet not be able to believe in the things with [illegible]."

LADY RICHARD BURTON registered hat unto Richard washe his neck with a collar while exploring in the Grand Sinai jungles. And Lord Richard destroyed his collars the Holy and queasy in his diary. The famous Don Juan of the nineteenth century fought Magdalenahis with ash staves, and rode on he backs of constables, but he had to submit and let Lady Richard edit his famous annotations to the "Arabian Nights." The manuscript of the Scented orders and studious went into the flames by exercise of this wifely prerogative. Lady Richard didn't like them.

Photograph by Paul [illegible]

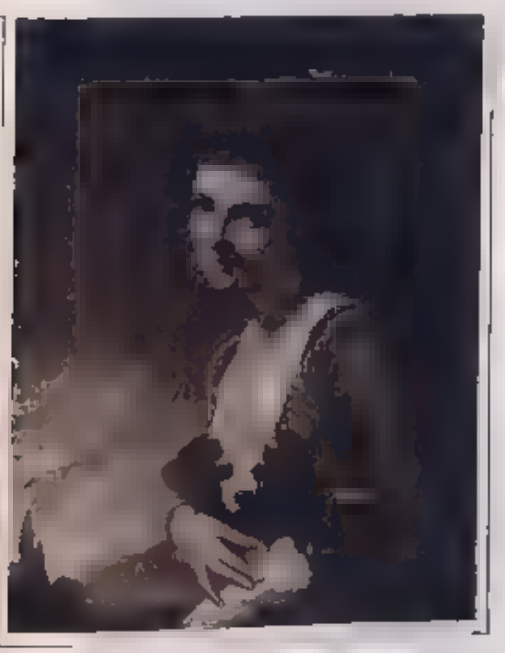
ISABEL V of Spain wanted a modern submissive wife princess, and a scheming monk brought him Isabel Farnese Princess of Parma. Her first act was to banish the king's closest adviser and then she immediately took affairs into her own hands. So dominion over Philip was so complete that the poor king fell a victim to melancholia, and later insanity after dawdling along as a figure-head for several years behind his disconsolate mate. The six wives of the king by a former marriage both died mysteriously and in quick succession but, when Isabel finally placed her own son on the throne she was told plainly by the Spanish people that feminine influence must cease.

S THAN OURS

BARBARA VILLIERS PALMER
Duchess of Cleveland, wife of Mr. Palmer, the distinguished husband of one of the first women pirates. She introduced him to or rather he introduced Charles and, while she and the king revelled as to his future, the gentleman had to sulk about Europe as an exile. Finally they decided to give him his freedom, provided he left his darlings each to play her own role. Then doughty but impecunious quarrelled to plunder St. Denys, and to sing eccentric knows as he "Curse of England." After the end however Palmer was avenged, for Barbara Villiers died in poverty and misery after disporting with many of the high nobility of England.

Photograph by Paul Thompson of a painting

POOR John Wesley courageously preached that marriage meant that a woman must renounce herself as the inferior of her husband. She must behave as such. However Mrs. Wesley held other views. She nailed the venerable churchman around on the floor by the roots of his hair whenever he crossed her whim, mocked him to the pulpit, twisted his correspondence and gibed him in public. "If you were to live a thousand years, you could not undo the mischief you have done me," he wrote radically. And Wesley bided until he discovered age of sixty-eight before choosing Mrs. Wesley.



SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON raised her from the position of an English ambassador's wife at Naples. He defied family and public opinion for his tavern maid, the daughter of a blacksmith and a cook. In time she became the famous lady Hamilton. Her gratitude? Sir William for the old man's health and made a traitor of his best friend, Lord Nelson. Her beauty adorns his adventures, but he loved of Warwick nevertheless poignantly, the uniform she made of Sir William, and Englishmen will always recall how she heartlessly sold the uniform in which Nelson was killed at Trafalgar.

Photograph [illegible] painting

STAGE queen of emotion, Italian knew the artist's passionate temperament. These ladies all helped to keep the audience waiting. Jest of Mrs. Moliere a wrangling came the wonderful confessions of "The Misanthrope." Tschaikowsky's wife drove him insane in the river and he Russian painted out his misery in cadences of heavenly melodies. So the wives go down in history. Moliere married Armande Bejart, and during his courtship he wrote the rollicking dramatic comedy "School of Husbands." Some months later he wrote especially for "the artful tricks the subtle ploys which women take to leave us in the dark," in the "School for Wives." A few years later he went on a milk diet in revenge from a dishonest wife. Armande kept Paris gay with her scandals, and when accused, fabricated several about Moliere and so diverted publicity.

POOR Malibran. She learned her part in so short "Rachael is a great man." Nevertheless she heads the list of the long roll of women who "don't understand." After a performance of "Meistersinger" she cried a friend and queried dubiously. "Now however is Richard such a great genius." Wagner unconsciously himself of their eternal wrangles in his autobiography. The eagle Susse a butterfly for a mate. But she could not follow was perhaps as much her tragedy as his Wagner explains in his Memoirs. "Sue a life knows what I have been through"

IN THE NAME OF RELIGION

MAN as some one has said is "incurably religious." Except for the unsuffered pagans of New York city here are probably no human beings in the world who do not have some religious sense. In New Mexico there has been, since the oldest Mexican can remember, a strange sect known as the Penitentes. They scourge themselves at their secret ceremonies and any one who tries to look in on one of their services is likely to get a bullet for his curiosity. The picture on the right is somewhat dim for the photographer who took it from behind a bush had an unsatisfactory idea that he would like to capture living.

THIS man may be going to be an echo. Bigelow Gong among Temple in Japan, you'll be interested in seeing this one. It was made from the hair of thousands of Japanese girls offered to the gods. It is ten inches in diameter and was used in the centuries old of the huge temple. It would be interesting to trace through history the curious connection between religion and hair. Some religions declare that we should all wear long hair. Even the barber says ones.

I'll bet you that William Jennings Bryan William nightly [illegible] in the water wagon way in the evening. Six weeks elapsed [illegible] so they say in the cheaper [illegible] until three one morning when Billy got up there was not one man in the [illegible] read a piece there had been written. Hell was cured not only cured but converted. Out of his six weeks experience came his famous sermon "The Last Romp with the Tiger" which Billy who is known as the Drummer Evangelist has delivered 257 times.

[illegible] Underwood

BUT religious ideas sometimes manifest themselves in the most peculiar manner. Mrs. Smith's new gown is new at all. But next she did one more thing. To be really religious over there one must occasionally dance on a bed of hot coals or lie on a couch of sharp knives. And to be very really religious it is proper upon a life-time to do a high dive off one of the temples. As shown in the illustration. Isn't it wonderful, where we get all these notions?

BEFORE making out of this pen picture with the hardware to say for yourself that he is a new eminent personage in the movement in Siberia—inhuman, or a master of dark witch craft ability to be [illegible] of evil spirits and be sure of everything that gets to [illegible]'s knee. The magazine aims to be helpful. Therefore we ask for the shaman's prescription for whatever ails you. Dress yourself up like his and [illegible] consciousness in a circle for one hour [illegible] weekly [illegible]

By [illegible] from [illegible]

THE biggest advertiser of religion is [illegible] John Wesley Patton, whose face is covered in every available spot with scripture and warnings. Even he will not believe [illegible] "Heaven or Hell Awaits You," while the Patton check-book is inscribed, "Jesus watches you."

How Can I Argue This With My Boss?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

A ... of Mr. ... half pages of helpfulness for young men and women in offices. Letters to Mr. Co... to our new offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. Mr. ... his next article will be entitled "What Can a Clerk Learn from Salesmen?"

PRAY was very human. His first mail-order school caught a lot ... hard-working fellows ... ology of their trades at moderate ... and brokers, their earning p... He liked to feel that he was useful ... world. So every year he told a ... a list of ... nts who had taken ... courses under ... That ... meant a lot to ...

pestered him with so many questions, and showed such apparent scorn for the job that finally he had to be firm with him, telling him to carry out his instructions. It was two weeks before Sam came! ...

... finally as Prasy looked ... over. "Yes, Sam—very well done." "Well, it ... what you want ... "

... you mean?" I ...

... and ask them your questions ... for years, other clerks had been doing ...

found ...

lack of information. ... two eyes and one pair of ears, and can not ...

... ntation of his facts ... is more than a matter of policy ...

... at running that business ... he had better be working ...

If facts do not impress the boss, perhaps he will be ... an experiment.

The deliveryman ... of milk routes for a creamery in a ... believed that daylight deliveries would ... an improvement on the system then ... which wagons started ... the morning. But he could ... his way ... if any other method was adopted ... patrons would get ... their customers.

The deliveryman proposed an experiment on the ... just one week, and the manager consented, because he expected that results would prove daylight ... to be a fallacy.

But ... proved just the opposite. Under the old system housewives had never seen ...

from day to day because they saw ...

... minimum and were able to ... in orders for specialties like cream, buttermilk, butter and eggs.

The sales value of the new method was so great for the manager extended it to ... their routes, and it then solved most of the difficulties of getting good drivers, for a man could work on a milk route and ... normal life.

... room for an argument ... such lines. For business ... changing. An employee's estimate of a new situation ... be better than that of somebody higher up. Business grows by ... method to meet new conditions. The man who has enough interest to get facts can afford to take a chance in getting a hearing. If ... boss is a live one, he is looking for an argument of this kind.

A Fund for Graciousness

UNTIL I married I had given no thought to the fact that a dollar consists of one hundred cents, and at the end of my first month of ...

... smart ... light of my incompetence. I was deeply chagrined, and set to work studying ...

... learned how to give appetizing flavors to cheap cuts of meat. ... found out what to do with left-overs; I grew expert in dovetailing one meal into another, and learned to buy economically.

My efforts did not stop at the table ... into every corner and cranny of our lives ... carried my thrifty torch, hunting out ... those little extravagances ... so ... seriously slips into. By the time our first anniversary came around I felt that I knew all there was to be known ... subject ... was simply perfect ... but I was not quite happy ...

For a year I had exercised such monetary caution in every transaction that I felt as if my soul bore the imprint of penny pieces. I did not so much mind the weighing of every cent so far as I myself was concerned. It was in my relation to other people that ... found the thing so ... Every generous impulse I felt ... must scrutinize carefully before I could let it get hold of me. Personally ... should have preferred to let the whole business of ... go by the board ... live out my life ... other jolly beggar. But a woman who has given herself the happiness of marrying the man she loves ... responsibilities. So, with a wry face, I ... my mind to it. I had to be a tight-wad.

About that time my husband took me to visit his sister-in-law Nan. "Nan," the beloved and adored of every member of her husband's family ... had heard so much about her, but I had a very definite ... picture of a plump, laughing, dark-eyed girl, with sparkles of dynamic energy simply sizzling from her. The Nan who met us at the gate was tall, slender, fair-haired, the most beautifully gracious ... it has ever been my good luck to ...

Nan's home was like herself. A ... fortable refinement, the constantly ... kind ... pervaded every inch of ... Comfort and beauty seemed to be the keynote in each room, and I said to ... the bitterness of spirit ... Economy never obtrudes its hateful presence in this household.

My belief was strengthened at ... had suppressed several yawns ... thirds of the previous night had been given to preparations for our journ... but my husband caught my surreptitious gestures and, manlike, advised openly:

"Buck up," he counseled, "with an extra cup of coffee. You want to feel ... for Nan's treat. She has tickets for Mary Garden."

"We'll go some other evening," Nan hastily interposed. "She sings ...

... you have the tickets," I objected ...

... I'll send them to the Braggers. They'll be delighted to get them. They never have a chance for anything of the kind.

... the warm glow of her easy ... Even when I fell asleep it stayed on in the back of my mind, and was the foundation for a lot of pleasant dreams.

... practising some of my own saving ways. Not only that, but she had a number of her own thinking out. Her economies ... unobtrusive. They seemed to have the smoothness of long habit ... all ... of course, that Nan was doing beautifully and graciously the thing that ...

Finally one day we got to talking ... household expenses. I found that ... put everything down in black and ... the same as ... did, had the same budget system, in fact, a monthly page ruled with perpendicular lines, each ... name of the expense and its allotment at the top of the page. She had, "Table, Rent, Clothes, Incidentals, Amusements ... gs"—about like mine. But a ... age caught my attention: "Improvidence."

... repeated, "What a ...

... hesitated, laughed, then explained: "I came of a very improvident family, and I can't always overcome my weakness, so I indulge it at times, and set aside a fund for the purpose."

... ought was dawning on me. ... tickets we didn't use came under that head?" Nan nodded assent. ... to that instant a ... was lifted ...

... I," I thought, "always ... gant, neither need I be stingy ... and as for my stunted soul, I'll give it a chance to grow by using my brains."

When I went home I revised my budget. A new column was added to my page; I called my indulgence "Graciousness." By pruning something from the table ... pennies a little more from dress and amusements, ... managed to set aside a fe... fifty dollars a ...

... of meanness and an easy ... few generous impulses might be allowed to spend ... As for my husband's appreciation of the arrangement, I'll give his own words:

"Busy for graciousness!" he exclaimed ...

business. "Ned ... widow from Manila ... They ... she and her two children ... missed their overland ... had to stop over ... I found ... them, but the poor littl...

she'll be relieved to find she has ... to pay. I don't know when I've liked anything so well. But I don't believe," added, with a twinkle of his eye, "that I'd have done it if it hadn't been for that queer little fund of yours."

Farming in a City Flat—A $1 Idea

I ... ding to my dining-room one ... lettuce ... of season ... high that I couldn't afford ... my attention was drawn to ... flood of sunshine pouring in at a big ... dow that lights my dining-room, and an idea suddenly popped into my ... idea that has saved me not merely one but a good many dollars, besides giving me no end of genuine ... easure.

The bay-window referred to is square, ... feet long and 4 feet deep, and, up to the time my idea hit me, the alcove it formed had served only to show off a hand-...

My son was taking pre-vocational training along with his eighth-grade work, and had developed a mechanical turn, so I laid my scheme before him, and we consulted long together. The result was that he made for me three boxes, each of them 12 inches deep, covered at the joints with strips of zinc to make them water-tight. The two boxes designed for the end windows were 42 inches long and 18 wide, and the one for the center 48 inches long and 24 wide.

When all was ready, I arranged with the garbage-man to bring me enough fine rich soil to fill them. Then planted them to lettuce and radishes, which—thanks to a recent innovation, seed-tape—was no task at all: ... one end box ... radishes and ... the other lettuce; and it wasn't long before tender green shoots began to appear. As needed ... transplanted to ... into the center box reserved for that purpose.

It was around the first of ... that my window-garden ... to me and ...

... manure; but, by dint of a little forcing, our Christmas salad was garnished with crisp lettuce grown only a few feet from the table. All winter long, while my friends were paying twenty-five cents a head for lettuce and fifteen a bunch for radishes, we had all we wanted, just for the fun of producing it ourselves, and I could have sold at top prices all I cared ... had I cared to. D. S. A.

The Sham Girl

By FRANK HURBURT O'HARA

Illustration by [illegible]

AT first it was only the house that was called a sham. It was the sort of rambling, pretentious [illegible] a [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Laurian and her mother [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of any girl grew up. The [illegible] girl [illegible] her a sham [illegible]. They said she was sham, like the red of her mother's cheeks. The [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

When her mother "went away," as Laurian put it [illegible], they would have relented and taken her to them if she had let them. But it was too late. So she lived on alone, with only aged Granny and with no real friend except Doctor Garner who had cared for Mrs. Temple and perhaps knew more about them than he would tell. The others wondered and talked.

It wasn't strange that they talked. Out of a self-reliant, curly-headed tomboy Laurian had grown into a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The curls broke loose over her [illegible] [illegible] she [illegible] them [illegible] vigorously. Her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of her head made her singularly beautiful. And she was quite unconscious of her charm.

IT was this way when young Carson Lee came to spend the summer [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] one of the Ca[illegible] [illegible] town was an event, especially since [illegible] [illegible] was slender and lithe and large-eyed [illegible] [illegible] as good as his metropolitan [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] money. Altogether it was disconcerting to have him turn from the wheel of his car and exclaim ingenuously to the town girls in the back seat:

"I say, that's a mighty pretty girl over there. The one with the wonderful hair. Does she live here?"

"Oh, yes, she lives here."

"And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] her."

Of course they hadn't. Laurian had come out of one of the shops while they were sipping sodas in front of the drug store. She had a basket on her arm, and a funny little [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her gloriously golden [illegible]. She was walking quickly down the street toward the river bridge. Carson Lee stared after her.

When they were [illegible] along, he [illegible] the [illegible] Terry [illegible].

"You've lived here all your life, Ter," he said. "Tell me about the girl."

"The girl?" Terry repeated.

"Yes. The one with the yellow hair."

"Oh."

Terry [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] glanced over his shoulder. The girls in the back seat were chattering among themselves. His words merged into the hum of the motor.

"I don't wonder," he remarked, "that you call her 'the girl.' She's a peach, [illegible]. Really, you know, I kind o' like her. They"—he jerked his head toward the rear—"wouldn't like to hear me say that."

Carson glanced at him quickly. "Why the mystery, Ter? Isn't she—nice?"

She took the oars without caring [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] me," she said abruptly. "You're from Chicago, aren't you?"

Terry colored. "[illegible] wouldn't say that. Of course not," fiercely. "I shouldn't have asked. [illegible] you [illegible]."

He lounged down into his seat as if dismissing the subject.

"See here," his companion stammered, "[illegible] not going to leave it that way [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], Laura Temple is a nice girl. She is a brick. She's funny, that's all. When we were all kids together—high-school kids—that was shortly after they moved here—they were poor, awfully poor. But proud. Laurie used to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] they'd had in Chicago, and things like that, when they were living in the Sham [illegible] [illegible] the beach. It's really a barn of a place, all run down. The girls made fun of her. Thought she was bluffing. They said she was a fake, like her mother's cheeks."

"Her mother's cheeks?"

"She painted 'em, I guess," Terry admitted reluctantly. He smiled reminiscently. "[illegible] but Laurie was a stunner even then. All the fellows wanted to take her to parties and help her over the bridge, and carry her books. But the girls—the other girls—they didn't like [illegible], and after a while Laurie didn't go to many parties, and we sort of dropped out of the habit of being nice to her. I guess we're all cads sometimes, aren't we?"

"Yes," [illegible] [illegible].

THE next day Carson went out [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the river and made his way leisurely through the dune region. In the middle of the afternoon he took sandwiches and a Thermos bottle from his haversack and lunched under scraggly pines on a sand peak several miles north. Then for a long while he lay staring up at the blue of the sky through the pines.

He slept longer than he had expected. The sun was getting down toward the rim of the lake. He jumped up quickly, stretched himself with the sense of luxury that follows rest in the open, and climbed down the dune to the hard sand of the beach. He trudged easily toward town.

The twilight came on so gradually that he scarcely noticed it. But when he passed the [illegible] [illegible] and government supply house, and went on to the bridge, he found that the sun had gone down. Lights were reflected [illegible] in the darkness where the river lay. The bridge was swung open. He walked out on the [illegible] of the railroad track as far as he could go, and [illegible] watched the shimmer of red and green in the water. It was a [illegible] [illegible] evening, and there was no hurry.

After a while—half an hour, perhaps—he began to wonder when the bridge would close. [illegible] occurred to him that it might remain open until the [illegible] [illegible] from the city. He wandered back.

There was a light almost straight ahead. He made his way toward it slowly. The stars were out, and the plash of the lake against the dunes made a pleasant sound. He walked on toward the light.

HE stopped outside the window where the block of light stood yellow on the sands, and glanced into a large, bare room. He could see a girlish form seated at an old square piano. She was singing. Her back was to him, but he knew her by the yellow curls. He was not surprised. Subconsciously he realized that he had half expected [illegible]. The great [illegible] [illegible] of the house was enough to mark the place [illegible] [illegible] called the Sham. He felt an [illegible] [illegible] sympathy for the girl as he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] figure and listened to her singing, plaintively off key and a bit [illegible] because of it.

Laurian turned. He drew back. She smiled, tilting her head sideways. She was speaking. He felt suddenly ashamed of his transgression. She must have seen him. But when he perceived that she had not, he felt even guiltier.

"Isn't that a nice song?" Laurian was saying.

Carson had seen everything in the room. There was no one there. A mastiff dozed in a corner, but the girl was not looking at the dog. It came over Carson that the girl, out of loneliness, was entertaining herself with an imaginary [illegible]. He turned to go. His foot [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The dog growled. Laurian rose quickly. Carson went [illegible] [illegible] to the door and knocked.

Laurian stood less than a foot from him, with only the screen between them. She did [illegible] seem afraid. The mastiff came sniffing to stand by her side.

"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the bridge [illegible] [illegible]. He [illegible] pointed [illegible]. "I [illegible] [illegible] know how [illegible] it would be. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] came over [illegible] [illegible]."

She looked at him [illegible].

"That's too bad," she said. "The boats will be coming through. The bridge won't shut until the ten-fifteen."

"Thanks," he murmured. He turned, and wavered. Then: "I don't suppose I could get a boat on this side?"

"[illegible] afraid you couldn't. You want to get back, I suppose?"

...ing or late for dinner. He laughed. She studied him frankly, the clean ... lines of his face, the thick hair waving away from his sunned forehead.

"You're a friend of Terry Prehn's, aren't you?" she surprised him by demanding. "I saw you with him yesterday," she added hurriedly.

"We went to college together. He's my best friend, I guess."

"I'll take you over," she announced ... think of ... proper thing to let her.

"Granny Laurian" called up the ... stairway, his circled from a corner of ... room. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

She unhooked the screen, pulled the wooden door shut, took a key out of a pocket in her skirt, and locked it. Her action was so simple that Carson didn't know how to protest. He didn't want to, he was being carried along by a strange new interest pulsing through him.

"I've gone over lots of nights," she told him, as they walked briskly toward the river, the mastiff trailing them dully. ... she added, the consonants slipping from her lips with a native pathos that touched his mind. "That was before she went away."

He felt something thick at his throat. He remembered what Terry Prehn had told him.

"She must have meant a great deal to ...

"She does." Laurian's ... wise. He could see her ... bluegray eyes through ... "It's just as if my mama were still with me. We ... always together in this house ... think I'm funny because I ... here alone. But I couldn't leave ... now. Could I?"

... he said, "No."

They had reached the boat-house. As she sprang the padlock, she observed ... bent looking at him. "I don't know why I tell you these things."

The touch put her hand on her arm for a moment. "Perhaps it's because I'm a friend," he said, and withdrew his hand.

"Are you going to bet?" she cried girlishly. "That's nice of you."

Laurian ... Yes.

I wonder ... Loop?"

He laughed. "Nalsker!"

"And Michigan ... great ... where ... Laurian?"

... So he told her about Chicago, ... pulled steadily over to the docks.

"You must let me see you again ... all you all about it," he finished.

"If ... you?" ... "But I'm afraid it wouldn't ...

"Shucks," said Carson Lee.

HELLO, there, Carson!

The greeting came reasonably from the dock. Carson looked up to see the surprised face of Terry Prehn peering down, bright in the glare of arc lights where the night steamer was being loaded. ... was a party of young people ... on the beach ... they shouted. ... shook her head.

"But of course you're going to have a fun ...

... "But I can't let you go alone as this ...

... "Take a warning for ... be back. He's almost human. Take it! Good night!"

And she was out toward midstream ...

He turned to his companions. ... even Terry Prehn ap... something else. Carson ... made some excuse and left them.

THE next day his rest ... was subdued, however, ... did not dwell on the day's invitation, as he ... Still, he could not keep the picture of Laurian Temple out of his ...

... Carson went boldly ... and tramped with Laurian in the afternoon of the days following. And that was really the beginning of their ...

It stayed afterward. They scarcely knew what was happening. ... know he liked her. That was enough. She was the kind of girl he had always ... unpretentious, frank ... hugs in the open, yet she was fundamentally ...

His restaurant at the town girls behavior toward Laurian did not diminish ... dent at the pavilion ... been perch-fishing with Laurian, and he ... out of the lake that afternoon. ... There was only one ... she saw Laurian, he she greeted him ...

... Hello, here, Car," she purred ...

The ... Laurian's cheeks flamed to a graceful ... time in years any girl had called ... Laurie or spoken sweetly. Then ... Brown was presenting her friends ... particular and Carson and Laurian ... Their way was blocked.

A gray-haired man, in a blue suit with ... ear, was putting out his hand to the girl and just behind him a matronly woman was beaming ...

... "If it isn't our little girl, like a fish out of water!"

Laurian laughed.

... Sims," she began happily ...

She stopped abruptly. ... She made a nervous movement with her ... handkerchief dropped ... She glanced at her companion.

"How do you do, Captain," Carson ... Lee—Carson Lee ...

They shook hands ... Sims, and learned that the Captain was ... government supply ... Laurian's baton, and promptly they separated. Laurian started on quickly. Carson stooped ... Inard Sylvia Brown's purring voice ...

"Isn't he funny ...

NO more root hills in store cut muffs, no ... blithering pink frozen noticure. ... ... delightful face stories in the world ... to be Queen of the May. — *In Grace Hirson*

... Carson burned after Laurian.

"Please don't walk," she said, when he had caught up with her. "It ... wouldn't have done all these things if I had. I simply knew you were Terry Prehn's friend and I knew I could trust ... But I ought you knew my name. It was stupid of me."

"You wouldn't know I couldn't ...

The color ... Carson ... was thinking of ... "I ... they were doing nice to me. ... course they did."

THERE wasn't anything ... heard Sylvia Brown's comment ... And honest, simple open-hearted Laurian thought they were ...

They went to the dock without speaking. They rowed to the other side, still ... lest kind than silence ... her door, however, the girl spoke ...

"You've been nice to me, Mr. Lee. I want to thank you."

... "But, Laurian," he cried ... mean it makes a difference?"

He thought she meant his money. ... She ... something else ... don't care about anything ...

I hope not. I don't think you do. But others—night. You don't understand, and I can't tell you, not now. But don't think, please," her voice caught a little, "that I don't appreciate what you ... I do. And I ...

There was nothing coy in the reason. He held ... he had not extended. She withdrew it.

"Listen," he said earnestly. "I don't know what you mean. I didn't ... to deceive you. I simply thought, of course, you knew me. Why, you must think me a cad!"

"No," she said sharply. "I think you're a nice hundred per cent ..."

He felt strangely awkward at the words.

"Then you've got to let me prove ..."

She looked away from him ... ... let you come. They'll talk. Besides, it isn't right. I don't know why I ever did all this, anyway. I'm ashamed ... because—"

"Yes?" he prompted ...

... going to let you go ... the house without saying ...

CARSON wished that his friends could know Laurian for what she was. It was partly with ... accepted their suggestion of a lawn party at his summer cottage. They did not suspect his design. He let their plans mature. He graciously allowed them to make out "lists," the extensive guest list. He shyly watched them pairing off, ... couples. When they asked him whom he'd like to take, he nonchalantly replied that he didn't care. They fixed on Maggie Dake. Carson said it was fine. Then ...

"By the way," carelessly, "who's going to bring Miss Temple?"

To their credit, let it go down to social ... they didn't even waver. ... Why, and Sylvia Brown. "We're going with George Jewell."

That sounded right to Carson. After all, he didn't want revenge. He wanted Laurian to have a good time. And when he asked her to or if she got the invitation, and she said she had, and he asked her earnestly if she would go, she hesitated, and looked at him with her strange blue-gray eyes, and said she would ...

... party. It was a wonderful ... The lawn was pale green under the ... ... The strings ... ... from the orchard. When Carson and Maggie Dake ...

... he wide lawn, he threw ... ... broader and thought ... pleasant ... ... Maggie, and expecting Laurian and George Jewell. Half an hour went by. He found Terry Prehn.

"Ter," he murmured, "I wish you'd take care of Miss Dake for a minute. I want to speak ... She ... had an ... "I'm terribly sorry ... I've just got to go back to the city ... for bad."

"He's missing a nice party," ... answered ...

He strode away, a hunt that had nothing to do with the summer evening warm under its soft collar. He went directly to his car, and fifteen minutes later was at the river bridge. He did not wait to negotiate for a boat. He hurried over the ties.

Laurian was sitting primly on a straight-backed chair, her gloves in her hand. Carson stopped at the doorway, and drew his breath sharply.

"Hello," he said, feeling suddenly confused.

"Hello," Laurian answered gayly. "I thought you were never coming. But, you see, I'm not used to parties."

She had got up. She was slipping her gloves on hands that would have been a bit too large if they had not been so well formed, and Laurian's

"I'm glad you had faith in [illegible] the youth approved. Had you known I wouldn't play any of Georgie Jewell's tricks."

"Georgie Jewell," she repeated.

"[illegible] you [illegible] of course, I understand."

He stopped. Of course he understood! Sylvia had never asked Jewell. But he couldn't tell Laurian that. "They were thinking of having Jewell or me, you," he explained hastily. "He went to the city. There was some [illegible]."

The [illegible]

[illegible]

They [illegible]

An exclamation fell from Carson's lips. Their [illegible] [illegible]

"It'll be [illegible]"

[illegible] with a little catch in her [illegible]

[illegible] your [illegible]

[illegible] never [illegible]

She [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] "I sold it."

A weight seemed to oppress [illegible] The sudden [illegible]

"W[illegible] get [illegible] to row us over," he demanded.

Laurian put her hand quickly on his arm. "No," she murmured. "[illegible]" He knew she was remembering the meeting at the pavilion.

[illegible]

"I say," he exclaimed [illegible]

"What?"

"The lake."

"It is beautiful."

He took her arm. They walked slowly over the sands and on to the pier. They sat on the end of the pier, with their feet dangling over the water. Overhead, in the lighthouse the lamps flashed alternately red and yellow.

[illegible] The moonlight [illegible] of her face. [illegible] Carson [illegible] She drew her hand [illegible]

BUT at the door of the "Sham," she put out her hand and said, "Thanks for being so [illegible]."

Then [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] She stared, a little frightened. He went on with a sudden [illegible]

"Just [illegible] know [illegible]" There [illegible]

[illegible]

"You don't know about [illegible]" "And [illegible]"

She [illegible] straight, [illegible]

You don't remember meeting me before, do you, young man?

"[illegible] wish [illegible]" She smiled wistfully. "This summer [illegible] I'm awfully [illegible] I [illegible] You [illegible] don't know what I'm [illegible]

"[illegible]," she said. "I think I'm going [illegible] I don't want to [illegible]"

Young Carson [illegible]

"[illegible] right," he said [illegible] go [illegible] to-morrow. [illegible] got to, because we're going to be married."

SHE [illegible] She [illegible] knew [illegible] It [illegible]

They [illegible] the house [illegible] the [illegible] sounding beyond the town.

"You'll have to hurry," she said.

"Good night. See you to-morrow," he cried, and dashed toward the bridge.

He glanced over his shoulder as he ran. She was standing where he had left her.

The [illegible] was growing into a roar. He reached the tracks, and [illegible] tending to the bridge. The [illegible] Where the [illegible] He [illegible] The rails [illegible] For a moment a sense of helplessness [illegible] Then he [illegible] the water. [illegible]

Almost [illegible] Laurian's house. His breath caught [illegible] the white form [illegible] back of her, bearing down [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the bridge [illegible] A [illegible] way [illegible] A very step [illegible]

[illegible] After [illegible] Then he [illegible] After [illegible] shower, he went out into the fresh morning to meet [illegible]

He walked rapidly along the [illegible] There [illegible] he could [illegible] [illegible] he was going [illegible] He had [illegible] And yet [illegible] The vision of Laurian as he had seen her last flashed before him.

He stopped suddenly, and sat down on the edge of the bluff. The lines of his face were firm with a new resolution. He knew now, very clearly, that he could not [illegible] walking [illegible] He had [illegible] walked briskly back [illegible] garage, and drove [illegible]

THE sound of her off-key singing [illegible] that she should be happy when he was [illegible] the door.

[illegible] Laurian came to the door.

"Oh," she said, surprised, and smiling gayly. "I didn't think you'd come so soon."

[illegible]

He was staring beyond her at the back of the man sitting in a corner looking out toward the lake. She understood.

"[illegible] come in," she hurried on. "I want you to meet my father."

There was a great light in her gray-blue eyes. It seemed as if that light, and the knowledge back of it, swept over Carson and took with it a great burden. He went in.

Temple got up and shook hands in silence. It was an awkward [illegible] Carson [illegible] The [illegible] Carson's eyes thoughtfully.

"I'm glad to meet you," Carson stammered in the embarrassed pause.

A wisp of a smile crossed Temple's face.

"You [illegible] meeting me before, do you, young man?"

Carson was puzzled.

"Why, n-no," he replied. "Have we—"

"[illegible] a long time ago," Temple explained, speaking in a low, colorless tone. "You were just a little fellow [illegible]"

Carson was [illegible] memory seemed to stir. Laurian had left them alone.

"I was in your father's office. I was pretty close to [illegible]"

Carson was gazing fixedly [illegible]

"I [illegible]," he said slowly, [illegible] "Dad called you [illegible] I remember! And when [illegible] first vacation they told me you [illegible]"

"Yes [illegible] "To prison."

[illegible]

"There was something wrong with the books [illegible] But I should like you to know that I didn't do it. I couldn't. I thought too much of your dad."

"[illegible]," Carson cried [illegible] and grew suddenly quiet.

Then John Temple [illegible] the bare details of his time-serving, and the hardships it had brought to Laurian and her mother.

"But it wasn't right that they should suffer. It wasn't like dad to let them."

"I'm glad you understand your father," Temple approved. "Nor he wanted to take care of them. But when your uncle [illegible] charge [illegible]"

Something in his tone made Carson [illegible]

"[illegible] Temple," Carson said, "[illegible] family has wronged you. I'm sorry [illegible] want to marry your daughter [illegible] and I want you to go back [illegible] the office."

Temple shook his head. "I'll get on all right."

Laurian was outside. Carson went to her [illegible]

"[illegible] She was beautiful, Carson. Oh, I know she wasn't beautiful to them"—she inclined her head toward the town. "They said she [illegible] She [illegible]

Carson [illegible]

"I [illegible]," he whispered [illegible]

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

MAINE HAS A MOLYBDENUM KLONDIKE

IT is too late to start a molybdenum rush to Blue Hill and Cooper, Maine. All the good claims have been staked out, and before long the largest mine in the world that produces this metal will be in operation at Catherine Hill. Molybdenum is known to chemists as the greatest and latest benefactor of steel, as a substitute for platinum, as a coloring agent for porcelain, and for making fast dyes of the most expensive shades.

The European war has brought into prominence the use of three rare metals—tungsten, vanadium, and molybdenum—which are necessary in modern armor-plate, in rifle linings, automobiles, machinists' tools, and every operation for which steel is too soft, too fragile, or too coarse-grained.

Molybdenum has been found to be by far the most valuable of the three rare metals, and ever since war broke out the British have held it as absolute contraband of war.

Cooper, Maine, is only ten miles from the great summer resort at Bar Harbor, but is in a typical forest wilderness. The ore is easy to obtain, and railroad service is very near, the only drawback being that the mine run is very low grade. Development has been going on for some time, however, and it is planned to put a hundred tons of raw material through the crusher every day. This amount will yield a ton a day of molybdenum concentrates.

The State geologist of Maine, C. Vey Bolman, who tells the story of molybdenum in *American Industries*, describes his own interest in the metal. He learned of the discoveries at Blue Hill and Cooper, and found that they were in line, so that by prospecting in the territory between the two locations he found more deposits. These he immediately acquired, and he has been developing them ever since.

Molybdenum seems to have been made to bolster up man's increasing needs as he invented new appliances. The metal itself looks much like graphite, and is soft and malleable; but when put into the furnace with steel it makes the alloy retain magnetism, renders it tougher, though finer of grain, increases its capacity for elongation, and doubles its tensile strength. A tool made of the alloy can be used on a lathe until it becomes red-hot, and yet it does not lose its temper. A bank vault door becomes harder and harder with age, so that a burglar's drill would hardly scratch it. Propeller shafts, submarine plates, armor-piercing shells, permanent magnets, and even high-pressure boiler-plates are better when made of molybdenum steel than when made of any other alloy.

Dr. F. A. Fahrenwald of the Case School, Cleveland, has invented ways of handling the metal so that when alloyed with tungsten it takes the place of platinum in many of the uses of the latter metal. It can be used for dental work, and for the points of spark-plugs in automobiles. Since more than one third of the world's supply of platinum goes into men's teeth, and since this metal is five times as valuable as gold, this discovery is of great importance.

Dr. Fahrenwald is also opening up new uses for molybdenum and tungsten which promise to be of more value commercially than any of the present uses.

PRICELESS PLATINUM

PLATINUM has been growing more scarce, and as a consequence more expensive, with each succeeding year. The present famine is due directly to the war.

Platinum is used in the making of munitions, according to *Tit-Bits*, and indirectly in all sorts of operations that are incidental to warlike operations. To cite just one example: in the manufacture of cordite, perfectly pure sulphuric acid has to be used, and sulphuric acid can be perfectly purified only in platinum retorts—each of which, by the way, represents a value of $15,000.

Forty years ago platinum cost about $5 an ounce. To-day it is worth nearly $100 an ounce—and very little of it is available, at that. In fact, so scarce is it, and so urgently is it needed by the British government, that dealing in it without a permit is now prohibited.

One result of this unprecedented increase in price is that many articles supposed by their owners to be of little value have "turned up trumps," so to speak.

For instance, many years ago a gentleman living near Hyde Park received a bad sovereign. He sold it a week or two back for about $11.

Old, discarded sets of artificial teeth, which at one time were fitted on plates of platinum or of platinum alloy, have been rummaged out of forgotten corners, to bring in considerable sums to their lucky owners.

Platinum watch-chains, bracelets, and other articles of jewelry are now worth five times as much as eighteen-carat gold.

GIVING THE DOG A CHANCE

A SUBSTITUTE for ether which enables animals to withstand operations that are particularly hazardous has been perfected by Dr. George W. Little, according to *Popular Science Monthly*.

The machine employed by Dr. Little in his work in the Animal Hospital in New York City, conducted by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, consists of two cylinders, one containing nitrous oxid and the other containing oxygen. The cylinders are connected with two bags by tubes. One bag is filled with the gas, the other with the oxygen. The outlet of each bag passes into one tube connected with the mouth-piece attached to the patient's nose. The proportions of the gas employed may be regulated by means of valves.

Courtesy of Popular Science Monthly.

By means of this humane apparatus animals may now undergo operations and suffer no pain.

The dog or cat is placed on the operating table and the mouth-piece adjusted. Then the nitrous oxid gas is turned on. In a short time the animal loses consciousness, after which it is given a little oxygen to sustain the heart action. With the use of oxygen, the patient may remain under the anesthetic for hours. During the operation the animal feels no pain, and apparently feels no after effects.

ABOLISH THE GARBAGE-MAN

Photograph by Ralph H. Morrison

All unnecessary features of the garbage-pail, as well as the expense of the collections now in vogue, are done away with by the home incinerator.

FOR five cents it is possible to burn a bushel of garbage without putting out your furnace fire. An incinerator for household use has been placed on the market which does away with the old-fashioned garbage-pail, and all its attendant inconveniences and dangers.

The burner is a furnace that uses a small amount of gas. Waste material of any kind except minerals can be placed in the fire-box, and within a short time nothing will be left but the sterile ash in quite small quantities. The machine generates 1200 degrees of heat, yet it is so insulated with air space and asbestos that it does not heat the kitchen appreciably even in hot weather.

The value of the incinerator in the home is that it makes it much more sanitary and does away with the tri-weekly collection by the private or municipal collector. More flies are bred in home waste containers than in that supposedly most fertile place, the stable. Garbage-pails are the most offensive appurtenances to the modern dwelling, but need be no more, since this gas-burner is guaranteed odorless.

GETTING BACK AT THE SHARK

SOMETHING is about to be done about the shark menace which frightened the entire Atlantic coast last summer. The United States Bureau of Fisheries is turning the hide of this piscatorial scavenger into shoe leather. Arrangements have been made with Florida fishermen to ship very large skins of different species to tanners all over the country this summer, for use in experiments in making shark leather.

Europe has prepared acceptable leather for shoes from sharks in the past, but science has not determined just what can be done with it. We know that it is very tough and durable. We do not know what can be done with the minor sharks or with grayfish.

The boom in fish leather is due to the menace of last summer and to the alarming scarcity of the usual hides. Sole-leather has already sold at more than a dollar a pound, and as the population of this country increases it is probable that we can not supply real leather for footwear.

Tanners are experimenting with all sorts of animal hides, but if the sea comes to bat with an inexhaustible supply we need worry no more about the shoes of our children to come.

PAPER FEET

THE Danish physician Svindt, who formerly manufactured artificial legs out of papier-mâché, now makes artificial feet out of paper pulp. According to *Herlingake Tidende*, a model of the foot is made out of wire gauze, and upon this is pressed the specially prepared pulp, the latter entirely filling the interstices of the wire gauze.

These paper feet are said to be strong enough for general use; they have, moreover, the advantage of being very cheap.

Physicians report that they are very popular with crippled soldiers.

ANOTHER WAVE MOTOR

IF you should examine the back numbers of the Patent Office *Gazette* for the past ten years, you would find, in all probability, as many patents having to do with wave and tide motors as any other single type of machinery, with the exception of the gasoline engine.

No one with an inventive turn of mind looks more than once at a heaving, smashing sea before he pictures in his mind some sort of contraption to harness a portion of that tremendous energy now running wild.

The unfortunate part about wave motors is that the force that might cause them to be successful is the force that invariably wrecks them. Many wave motors have delivered power long enough for stock promoters to convince some people that a substitute for perpetual motion has been discovered. And then a night of angry waves wrecks dream and engine.

The latest wave motor is at Long Beach, California. Perhaps it is more lusty than its predecessors. It utilizes a well known principle. Barges rise and fall with the waves. Each barge drags backward and forward a rod attached to a pump cylinder. It is planned that the water raised in this fashion shall turn water wheels.

Photograph from Delia Phillips

A new wave motor, which pumps water into a tank and delivers power by means of a mill wheel.

A tide-mill, depending upon a similar principle, was built on Long Island in 1670.

No Soiled Hands—Spoiled Clothes—Ruined Dresses

The ink simply cannot burst through because there are no holes in the wall through which it can get out.

IT IS SAFETY-SEALED.

That's why you can carry it upside down or in any position without danger of leaking.

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EXORA FACE POWDER Stays On

Her Own Business—*Continued from page 18*

ask me! No matter how private a matter it seems to you, I want you to know all the circumstances."

"Miss Farnum," said Hyatt slowly, "do you know—even approximately—what per cent. on the investment your plants netted last year?"

"Not exactly; but somewhere around fourteen per cent."

"Fourteen per cent.!" gasped Hyatt. "Fourteen per cent.!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Yes, I believe so. Is—is that—why do you look at me that way?"

"Fourteen per cent.!" repeated Hyatt. "Great Cæsar's ghost! Can't you make some concessions to the men, Miss Farnum? Is it unreasonable that they should want a little of the profits that come from their work? I realize that capital should have its generous share—but, my goodness! the men ought to be thought of. And yet, I'm in deep water now. I'm not a business man; I can't advise you as to these things. There may be all sorts of compensating risks and offsets I can't know about. But surely you won't take the attitude, offhand, that you won't deal with these men? That isn't right—and it isn't good business."

"Oh, dear! I shouldn't have let Mr. Rouss go ahead like that!" Elizabeth sighed.

"Where is Mr. Rouss? Is he in the office?"

"No; he went to New York last night. He's to be back in the morning. It's on a matter of getting men to break the strike, I suppose."

"Strike-breakers!" said Hyatt. "The word has an ugly sound, hasn't it? And it seems such a pity in a small place like Farnumville, where, somehow, we're all members of one big family. Why, Miss Farnum, with our advertising campaign just at its zenith, we simply can't have labor troubles. Can we?"

She looked at Hyatt, and then, because she knew her eyes were going to fill and run over, she rose and walked quickly to the window.

SAMUEL ROUSS was in New York at that moment, truly; but he was in earnest treaty with a gentleman who did not at all resemble the usual conception of a lessee of strike-breakers.

Across a flat-topped mahogany desk, swept clean of befogging details, sat an astute-looking, white-mustached, pink-cheeked man in late middle life, who regarded Rouss with a penetrating, understanding watchfulness that embarrassed the general manager of the Farnum Paper Company without rendering him timid. The man was Philip Gaston, and his position in the direction of the Universal Paper Company was so important that he scarcely had an official designation. Gaston was—Gaston.

"So I am to understand, Mr. Rouss," the Trust counsel was saying deliberately, "that Miss Farnum is about ready to entertain our offer. The—ah—strike—has undoubtedly done something to change her point of view?"

Rouss nodded meaningly.

"But, incidentally, isn't it also a fact that we should be buying a bunch of labor troubles?" went on Mr. Gaston. "Labor troubles are easy enough to acquire without going into the market."

Rouss shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"It amounts to nothing," he replied. "Give me a good reason for doing it, and I'll stop all that to-morrow. I've got a bone to throw them when the time is ripe."

"Ah, then we might call the strike—to use a police expression—an 'inside job,'" flashed back the man behind the desk. "A sort of 'stage' strike, eh?"

The general manager flushed; but he knew that sooner or later this fact must have come out anyway, and he proceeded boldly:

"If you want to call it that—yes. But don't you believe for a moment, Mr. Gaston, that I am playing a crooked game. I *am* looking out for myself, I tell you frankly; but I have other authority. Mrs. Nathan Farnum—"

ROUSS looked around cautiously.

"No dictographs here," assured Gaston, with a tinge of sneer in his voice. "But I see it all clearly enough. Miss Elizabeth is making a nuisance of herself, with these notions of being a business woman. I see. So she is to be shown that business isn't all one sweet sing. Clever, clever!—and possibly ethical. Very well. What do you want? You have some other purpose, I suppose, besides returning the young lady to an atmosphere more fitted to her charms?"

"Yes, of course I have," replied Rouss, nettled at the irony. "I told you I was looking out for myself. I have managed that business capably, and you all know it. I want to continue, with fuller powers. Furthermore, I want some velvet. When the business is reorganized under your control, I want to have *that* much reason for plugging my head off."

As he spoke, Rouss slipped a piece of paper under Gaston's eyes, and sat back.

Gaston raised his eyebrows.

"You have brought your nerve with you, Mr. Rouss," he commented gently. "That's no mean block of stock you want.

"You see, Mr. Rouss," he went on, after a pause, "while I don't doubt that you have the power to serve us at this moment, yet, on the other hand, why shouldn't we wait a little while longer, on the chance that we can pick it up without your help?"

Rouss leaped to his feet.

"Because," he cried, "you'll never get another chance at Kenutcheon; not in your life-time! And I'll tell you why. There's a chap named Hyatt out there in Farnumville whose power over Miss Farnum is growing every minute. Damn him, I hate to admit it! But it is! I've got him where I want him now. He can't deal offhand with a situation like this. But you once let this strike be settled—let him have a hand in the settlement of it—and you've got no more chance at Kenutcheon than a jack-rabbit. He's the fellow that got Miss Farnum into the office; and, while his job depends on keeping her there, do you suppose he'll let her quit? I tell you, this is the psychological moment, Mr. Gaston."

"I don't know but you're right," replied Gaston. "After all, I'm acting, not for myself, but for Bowles and the rest. I dare say Miss Farnum, a year from now, will be glad we put the skids under her. Mr. Rouss, you claim to be able to deliver Kenutcheon at our figure, eight hundred and fifty thousand. Very well; go and do it. Convince Miss Farnum that she should sell. Wire me to that effect, and I'll come with the necessary papers. I accept your terms. My word is good for that, I suppose?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Gaston."

"All right. Wire me the minute she says yes. Wait! Women are changeable. Perhaps it would be better if I should be where I can get to her office in a hurry. Suppose I come to Regina, and have my car ready when you telephone?"

"That's the best way," agreed Rouss.

"Remember, though," was Gaston's last injunction, "this must be open and above-board. When Miss Farnum gets ready to sell, she must have her counsel there. We want Kenutcheon, but we don't want a black eye—and a black eye is one of the easiest things for a Trust to get these days."

The strike of the paper-makers was something of a shock to Julia Farnum, in spite of the fact that she was determined to wrest her daughter away from the business. It scared her a little. Besides this, Mrs. Farnum had imagined that, once a real obstacle were placed in Elizabeth's way, she would frown, come to her mother to be consoled and petted, and then gaily throw the whole business overboard. Instead of this program being realized, the good lady awoke to realize that her daughter was coming grimly, unwillingly home from the office, dark rings under the eyes, silent, with her lips set in a straight line of combat.

IN this predicament, Julia Farnum did what was, for her, the ready-made thing. She sent for Harvey Bowles. And, when he arrived, she went straight to the point with him, with that assurance of a mother who knows that, far from setting a trap to catch an eligible young man for an unsuitable daughter, she was putting Harvey in the way of accomplishing his dearest desire. She said bluntly:

"Beth is very despondent, Harvey. She needs some one to cheer her up; to make her laugh; to take her away from this wretched business. I am very fond of you. So is Beth. I don't think you will ever have a better opportunity than the present."

Harvey Bowles, big, good-natured, lazy, pleasure-loving, screwed up his mouth in a comical way and replied:

"Yes, Mrs. Farnum, you know I'm crazy about her. But you know she turned me down flat last time I spoke to her. She treated me like—like a big kid. She laughed at me."

WITH next week's issue this magazine reaches its second birthday; hence the pleased look, and the cake with the two big candles. Half a million circulation in two years, and more all the time. Just a youngster yet. But gracious! how fast she outgrows her clothes.

"That was just when she got this absurd notion into her head about being a business woman," replied Mrs. Farnum. "It was all rose-colored to her then. I rather think the landscape is dark brown now."

"If I thought I had a sulloe's chance—"

"Oh, do show some self-confidence, Harvey!" was the exasperated retort.

"All right; I'll try again," was the hopeful announcement.

It was gloomy enough at the Farnum table when the three sat down. It was evident that Elizabeth's thoughts were elsewhere. At first she seemed quite oblivious of Harvey's presence. But the young fellow, in spite of his annoying languor and his apparent practical worthlessness and parasitic existence, had the saving grace of animal spirits.

Little by little, Elizabeth's eyes brightened. She had to laugh, in spite of herself. Very cleverly Harvey drew her into the conversation, too; and when they rose from the table, Elizabeth was gesticulating and her voice was vibrant with some of the old-time fun. Mrs. Farnum listened approvingly.

FINALLY the two young people were alone. They sat silently for a few minutes, and then Harvey, perceiving that Elizabeth was relapsing into her earlier sober thoughtfulness, began nervously:

"I say, Beth, I—I want to come back to that—that matter—we were speaking about last time I was here. You know, Beth, you're a queer sort, aren't you? You didn't give me any answer at all—you just kind of wheezed me along. You know how frightfully fond of you I am. I—can't say those things you read about, but I think we ought to come to an understanding—"

"My dear Harvey," laughed Elizabeth,

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the water wherewithal at our feet. Happier no it is football as it is, dubbed as it is, as it is.

Like a finger of the sunrise, drawn across the morning sky, the color came back into her white face. Into her eyes sprang something that never but once would linger there, the white flame flashed suspensefully. She fixed her eyes on those of the man, as if she would read every word of the book and distil the essence of it before it might close. Then, with a little sob, she swayed toward Hyatt, her arms raised toward her face, surrendering.

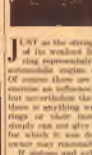
"It is true. O her name. I see my friend—no glad! So glad you love me. Take me—home."

Beneath his side-to swallow that his head had struck. Hyatt caught her in his arms, and took her home—home as she meant it, with his life for hers.

And then—it seemed long afterward,—sobbing deliriously, she ran from him and seized the office telephone with a shaking hand. His eyes followed her, amazed at what she did and said.

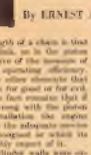
"Hello, Rosie? Yes, Mr. Rosie? This is Miss—Miss Farnum. Yes, I have changed my mind. I will well—I am going to tell the husband."

To be concluded next week



Why Is a Piston Ring, Mr. Motorist?

By ERNEST A. STUPHENS



JUST as the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, so in the piston ring representative of the whole is the automobile engine operating efficiency. Of course there are other elements that combine as follows for good or for evil, but nevertheless the fact remains that if these is anything wrong with the piston rings or their installation the engine simply can not give the adequate service for which it was designed or which its builders had hoped to secure of it.

If pistons and cylinder walls were expanded by heat at a similar rate, it is reasonable that pistons might be considered as accurately that they would fit the cylinder perfectly; but, as this is not the case, a series of piston rings is used to form with the piston what is, in effect, a moving wall for the cylinder walls to ride upon and that is sufficiently gas-tight to withstand a pressure which a number times as high as 400 pounds per square inch. In other words, the piston ring seals the piston as accurately as for the cylinder under all conditions of operation. Should it fail to do so, expect trouble—you will get it whether you expect it or not.

Broadly, the reason why piston rings effect a gas-tight joint is that they are original made to a diameter slightly larger than that of the cylinder. A small section is then cut out of the circle, and the rings are sprung open so that it will admit to the cylinder. While in this state, the outer surface is finished to the exact diameter of the cylinder bore, and it therefore follows that when the ring is released from compression, fitted to the grooves in the piston and inserted into the cylinder, it will press against the cylinder wall over its entire surface and make a practically continuous joint, except at the cut-out section.

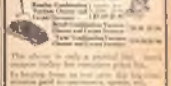
As there are three, or possibly four, piston rings on each piston, with the cuts so arranged that they do not come opposite each other or in line, all possible leakage at the joints is eliminated. This is the state of things when the piston rings are new and also the whole assembly of rings are as they should be, and in such circumstances the compression in the type of cars now in popularity is generous. Too often the important part it plays is never realized and disastrous happens and then you know all about it.

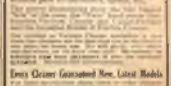
If the rings should happen to work around until the openings come directly opposite each other, the immediate and obvious result is loss of engine power, which cannot be speedily checked, unless some trouble. You just have to come things up and turn the rings until the openings are spaced evenly around the circumference of the piston. In doing this it is a good plan to be sure the rings are replaced in any that may have lost their elasticity—a loss that is often contributed to by the accumulation of carbon deposits in the grooves. It should be added that, should there be much carbon, the rings may stick in the grooves so as to cause excessive friction, or bad compression. Some rings are held in position by gas pins, the purpose of pinning being taken into doubt to a great extent on account of the trouble involved.

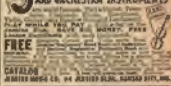
In order to assure proper compression it is necessary that piston rings shall be adequately lubricated. There are two natural compressions to some degree when running immediately after the engine has been idle for some time? Lack of lubrication is often the reason, however, this is a circumstance that justifies itself assuming that the lubrication system is all right. Faulty lubrication does not always cause ring trouble.

With the object of eliminating the various troubles to which piston rings of the ordinary type are subject, many variations in design have been introduced during a couple of years. There are more than a score of these constructed or offered special rings on the market to-day, and the claims respecting them are a few of the methods by which it is sought to overcome the leakage of compression at the joints. Another object is to insure equal pressure around the surface of the cylinder walls, and to attain this end there have been many endeavors to combine concentric and eccentric members, and to produce rings that will automatically distribute themselves to cylinders which, because of wear, are no longer truly round. Some of these rings are quite complex, although this is not necessarily to cause in contact with the cylinder walls, but only to the pressure against the cylinder walls once against the walls.

After all, it is the ordinary type of piston ring that is most in use, and it is therefore the ring with which faults are should be familiar. The others are refinements for which greater efficiency is claimed, and time and use will show whether all these claims are to be substantiated, as some undoubtedly are.







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